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TO-DAY.

BY F. HENRY DOYLE.

The hours were bright in days that are no more
And pleasant life's strange way?—
A rapture hung around the hills—a glory on the shore—
Yet is aught changed to-day?

Shone ever bluer skies than these—o'er sweeter sang the birds
Or lisped the brooklet's lay—
Or love, time tried, confessed its tale with truer, gentler words
Than these it breathes to-day?

Are crimson buds so fair, albeit they grow in early spring
And with its zephyrs play,
That when the later Autumn's handmaids ripe red roses bring,
We'll wear them not to-day?

Hope then clung fondly to our breasts and like a Summer friend
Sang to us on our way,
But with the Winter fled—while strong and faithful to the end
Truth gives her hand to-day.

That was as night—we even slept and dreamt illusive dreams,
So let them pass away;
To those who will, there's sweetest rest and bliss in these full beams
That light our lives to-day.

INEZ;

—OR.—

LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

IT was the morning after Lord Lynne's funeral. No one knew how the sisters had received the news of their father's strange will; but Mr. Gregson had been with them for more than an hour, and then he left them with a smile on his face.

It was a beautiful, bright June morning; all Nature was gay and animated. A gentle breeze wafted the fragrance of the flowers and the singing of the birds; there was no cloud in the bright blue sky. The chestnut trees were all in bloom; from over the meadows there came a perfume of hawthorn and freshmown hay; the tall trees in the park seemed thrilling with new life. It was a morning that made every heart rejoice; it seemed impossible to think of sorrow, or sadness, or death

Inez and Agatha Lynne sat in the little room known as Lady Lynne's boudoir. It was a charming room, and the long French windows opened on to the garden. There was a glimpse of landscape that looked like a vista of fairy land;—the tall, stately cedar, the green lawn, and the dark woods beyond. White and red roses grew by the window, and filled the room with their exquisite fragrance.

Agatha had never used the apartment; but before Inez had been in the house a week, Lord Lynne had it most sumptuously furnished and fitted up for her use. It was a very nest of luxury; it might have been expected that the occupant of such a room would be young and beautiful: it was only meant for such. The carpet where the roses lay so life like and real, that it seemed as though they had just been dropped there; the delicate rose silk hangings, the few rare pictures, a marble Flora holding a vase of glowing crimson flowers, the elegant books, the pretty lounging chairs—all were for the young and beautiful, to whom luxury seems by right to belong.

They were a charming picture, the beautiful Andalusian girl and her sweet English sister. Miss Lynne had summoned Agatha to a council of war, and had decided to hold it during breakfast, so as to save time. The pure sunbeams did not fall upon many prettier scenes—the fair, fresh faces of the sisters, the delicate china, the blooming flowers; and they lingered over the table, for they had much to say.

"What is this wonderful cousin of yours like, Agatha?" asked Inez, half impetuously. "Tell me something about him. Is he short or tall—wicked or good—clever or stupid?"

"Oh no!" cried Agatha, almost breathless from surprise at the catalogue.

"No—what?" said her sister. "Not stupid, do you mean? I am glad of it, for really (you must excuse me for saying it) I do think a certain kind of stow stupidity characterises you cold English. I hope he has plenty of faults. I cannot endure an insipidly perfect man."

"Philip is not insipid," said the little sister, somewhat indignantly. "Papa always said that he would make a great statesman."

"What is he like, Agatha? Describe him to me," said Inez.

"I do not know," replied Agatha. "He is tall, like papa. I never thought whether he was handsome or not. He has large, dark blue eyes—they are clear and full of truth; I always used to say I could read his thoughts in them. His hair is like mine—a kind of golden-brown."

"Never mind his hair and eyes," interrupted Inez. "What is his face like? Tell me, if, you can."

Agatha looked half perplexed, then her face brightened.

"Do you remember," she said "that portrait of Sir Lancelot—that you admired so much? You know the one I mean—where he is talking to Queen Guinevere: and his lips wear the smile that one sees on the face of a child" "Yes, I remember it," said Inez.

"Well, Philip is like that," said Agatha. "I know he is very brave and very firm; yet he is gentle and kind in his manner. I do not believe that the shadow of an untruth ever crossed his mind."

"*Pas si mal*," murmured Inez. "Now let me hear his faults," she continued.

"I hardly know them," said poor Agatha quite distressed at this long catechism. "He is not bad-tempered; but I think he is passionate, like all the Lynnes. I do not think he could have a moment's toleration for anything mean and deceitful. He is haughty too; and I do not believe he would ever pardon an underhand action."

"That is all you know about him," said Inez, smiling again when her sister came to a full stop.

"That is all," said Agatha. "Papa liked him very much."

"So it seems," replied her sister. "Lord Lynne has asked permission to see us this morning; I, for one, do not feel inclined to comply with his request. Fancy, Agatha, how he will look at us, speculating in his own mind which he shall honor by asking to be Lady Lynne! He had better not ask me. I feel something like a Circassian slave, going to the highest bidder. My father must have been mad to have made such a will as that."

"Hush, Inez," said Agatha, "remember he was your father."

"How full you are of 'goody' notions," replied Inez, with something like a sneer. "I say again—and you know I am right—that the will was unjust to us and to Lord Lynne; but we will not quarrel about it on such a morning as this Come out and let us sit under the cedar tree; bring your book and work. If my lord wishes to see us, let him find us there."

CHAPTER IV.

"NOW," said Inez to her sister, "if Lord Lynne likes to join us here, he may. I could not endure the idea of a formal interview in the library. I dislike almost everything that is stiff and ceremonious."

"You will find much to dislike in England, then," replied Agatha, with a smile; "but if you have patience to look for it, underneath that stiff, formal manner, that you say characterises us, you will often find a warm heart and a kindly nature."

If Inez Lynne had wished her cousin to be struck and captivated at first sight, she could not have chosen a more picturesque place for the interview than the shade of the great cedar tree. The sunshine, sparkling through its branches, fell upon the fair faces of the two girls, that contrasted so vividly with the heavy mourning dresses they wore. The sunbeams lit up the magnificent beauty of the Andalusian, while they seemed to fall like a blessing upon the graceful head of her gentle sister.

"Read to me, Agatha," said Inez. "I want to dream this beautiful morning."

"I have brought the *Idylls* with me," replied her sister. "Which will you have?"

"Read where you will," replied Inez. "Anything except King Arthur's Pardon. I do not want to hear that just now; it is too mournful."

Agatha chose Enid. She had a singularly musical voice, clear and sweet—a voice that was not, perhaps, capable of expressing any great amount of passion—tragedy would never be her forte—but it was soft and soothing. It seemed to chime with the rippling of the little fountains and the song of the birds.

It was a very beautiful picture upon which Lord Lynne stood to gaze. He had been with one of the keepers round the park. He was returning to the house somewhat tired with the long walk; but as he drew near the cedar tree he saw the black dresses, and knew that he was at last in the presence of the two girls—one of whom must be his wife. Mingled with the drowsy hum of the bees and the faint ripple of the water, there came to him the murmur of the sweetest voice he had ever heard. As he drew nearer he stood to listen, and then he distinguished the words. He heard the beautiful story of Enid invested with new grace and new charms from the voice that told it—clear and distinct, full of pathos and sweetness, that found its way straight into his heart, and made wild havoc there. It awoke new feelings, new thoughts; it seemed to unseal the closed fountain of love and tenderness that flowed at its bidding. Lord Lynne was not the first who had fallen in love with a voice. He wondered what the face was like that went with it He stepped forward gently; and there, just lit up by a slanting sunbeam, he saw a fair, sweet face, with gentle modest eyes and smiling lips; a face to love and to trust; a face without passion, but full of tenderness; without genius, but full of thought; a face that a man would never rave about, but would love until death took it from him. He saw the golden brown hair that was like his own; and then he knew that the reader of the poem was his cousin, Agatha Lynne. He had not recognised her voice. He had never heard her read before, and the charm of it was new to him. He had not seen Agatha Lynne since she was a child of fifteen. The last time he was at Lynnewolde she was away, visiting some friends. He could hardly believe that the graceful girl before him was the same little cousin with whom he had played, and who had kissed him many years ago, and said she would be his little wife. How sweet and gentle and serious she looked!

"Stop, Agatha!" cried another voice, more musical still, but with a strange ring of passion in its tone. "I feel half angry with Enid; after all she was too patient. I would never do as she did, would you?"

"Yes," was the reply. "When my Geraint comes, if he ever does appear, I would do all that Enid did, and more. "So would not I," cried Inez.

Lord Lynne hardly noticed her. His heart went with Agatha's answer, and something like a wish shaped itself in his mind that he might be Geraint and win her love. His eyes seemed to drink in the fair beauty of her face. He hardly looked at the beautiful Andalusian by her side.

He came forward then, and both sisters rose at his approach It was an embarrassing moment for them all; but no chevalier of the olden time ever exceeded Lord Lynne in grace and courtesy. Inez had self-possession enough to have met—well, it is difficult to say what would have daunted her. Certainly Lord Lynne did not. She received his condolences and apologies with the same languid grace and dignity with which she had received her father's caresses and her sisters demonstrations of affection. She might have been an empress receiving an ambassador. She looked everything that was beautiful and majestic, but not all like a girl who would be glad to be Lord Lynne's wife, if he asked her.

Agatha's greeting of her cousin was characteristic of herself. If Inez forgot for a moment, or appeared to forget, the strange will that linked them together, her sister did not. A crimson flush covered her face and her shy eyes fell when her cousin took her hand and clasped it warmly in his own.

"I have disturbed you, I fear," said Lord Lynne. "I have been hurrying through my day's work. I expect my mother, Mrs. Lynne, this afternoon, and I am going to the station to meet her. Shall I read a little for you?"

"No, thank you," said Inez. "I am out of patience with Enid; she is just a model for Agatha, but she is too patient and good for me. I like people to be more faulty and human."

"You must often have found your liking gratified," said Philip, with a smile, "for I do not know any one who is anything like faultless. Most of my acquaintances err on the opposite side."

"I do not know," said Inez. "I have been with Agatha more than six months, and I have not seen any fault in her. She is insipidly good—are you not, *cara mia*?"

"Good, but not insipid," replied Philip; while Agatha laughed at her sister's impatience.

So they lingered that morning under the cedar tree. Death and sorrow were for a time forgotten: the sisters forgot that the stately home upon which they gazed was no longer their own; that they were but visitors where they had been mistresses and rulers; they forgot the strange bequest that had startled them. They were happy as the young and beautiful are when the sun shines and the flowers bloom.

On that Summer morning was forged the first link of a chain that was to unite those three with a strange tie. On that morning was laid the foundation of a tragedy such as had never befallen the Lynnes of Lynnewolde. They were all unconscious of the approaching shadow. Philip did not stop to think why he lingered by Agatha's side, and drank in every tone of her voice. The beautiful Andalusian never attempted to define the charm that riveted her. She looked at Lord Lynne's face, and knew she had never seen one so good, so noble, or so true; but she did not dream where love of that face would lead her.

"This park is very beautiful," said Lord Lynne, turning suddenly to Inez; "but English scenery must seem cold to you after the glowing landscapes of Spain."

"Do not talk to me of Spain, if you please Lord Lynne," said Inez, wearily. "I want to cheat myself into believing that I only began to live when I came here."

A look of sadness shadowed for a moment her brilliant face, and dimmed her large dark eyes, and in that moment Inez was inexpressibly beautiful.

"Poor Inez!" murmured Agatha; "was not the Senora Montelcone kind to you?"

"Kind?" she replied; "yes, of course, whenever I saw her; but she was invalid for many years before she died. Tell us about your mother, Lord Lynne. Is she pleased to come to live at Lynnewolde?"

"I am sure she is," replied Philip, warmly "You will like my mother. I have always considered her one of the most perfectly well bred woman in the world. You are both left in some measure to her care You know your father wished you to live with my mother until——"

Here Lord Lynne stopped, and a warm flush rose to his brow. Not in the presence of that sweet and gentle Agatha, or of her imperially beautiful sister, could he utter the word that trembled upon his lips; not in their presence could he say one word which would recall them to the will.

"Until we are married," said Inez, coolly; "and if we never marry at all, Mrs. Lynne will have three children, instead of one."

It was gracefully said, and then for the first time Inez saw something like admira-

tion in Lord Lynne's face as he turned towards her. It was not for her beauty, though, but for her ready wit and grace.

That afternoon Mrs. Lynne arrived, and then for the first time the two sisters felt at ease in their cousin's house That evening the family solicitor and Sir Harry Leigh joined them, and they all united in persuading the daughters of the late Lord Lynne to continue their residence in the house where their father had lived and died—at least for a time until some other arrangements could be made. Mrs. Lynne declared that she should never be happy at Lynnewolde if her nieces quitted it Their father had wished them to make their home with her, that she might be guardian, chaperone, and friend.

The prospect of leaving Lynnewolde, even for a home of their own, as beautiful, if not as stately, was not pleasing to the girls who loved this the home of their race. Lord Lynne said he should be in London a great deal—he was going also to Scotland—and he begged them to remain, that his mother might not feel lost or lonely;

So it was decided at last, to the great joy of every one, including the servants and retainers, who gloried in the proud beauty of Miss Lynne, while they loved the gentle rule of Agatha. Mr. Gregson was relieved; it saved him an infinite amount of trouble. Sir Harry Leigh was delighted, for he had long contemplated a marriage between one of the heiresses and his son and heir, Allan. Mrs Lynne was pleased, because she loved the girls, and wished to take a mother's place to them Philip was glad, as any man would be, that the house he called his own was to be cheered and brightened by the presence of two young and beautiful girls.

Philip had thought much of the will and its conditions. He liked money, but he loved honor more. He knew that without money, his title and Lynnewolde would be but a farce. How could he keep them up on a few hundreds per annum? Yet he had made up his mind, and no Lynne had ever changed it. If he did not love either of the girls, and if they did not love him, he would never ask one or the other to be his wife. In that case the money must go. He was quite decided: he would never marry any girl because he had been told to do so; nor would he ever marry for the sake of money. There was plenty of time before him—two long years. Then his thoughts flew back to Florence Wyverne Oh no, he did not love her; it had been but a passing fancy He liked Agatha Lynne much better; yet he thought kindly of Florence, and remembered her looks and tones on that morning that seemed now so many years ago.

"I will neither woo nor win, yet," said Philip to himself. "I will wait. Wisdom and truth and goodness must determine my choice."

CHAPTER V.

LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE.

LIFE went on much the same at Lynnewolde. In place of the gray-haired old lord, a young and handsome one reigned. A gentle, high bred lady ruled the house, and every one was pleased to obey her. The sisters were very happy for they loved Mrs. Lynne, who was so kind a mother to them; and, as yet, there was no cloud in the sky.

But destiny was drawing nearer, for Philip was beginning to love Agatha very dearly. There was something in the calm sweet face that charmed him. He liked the repose, the gentleness, the shy timidity of her manner. She had not any very brilliant accomplishments: she could not sing as Inez did, with a fire and passion that found its way into the depths of every heart The one dazzled and carried you by storm; the other stole gently into your heart. When once known, it was impossible not to love Agatha Lynne. She was simply a fair, modest, thoughtful English girl, fresh and blooming as a rose; innocent and guileless as a child; open, frank, candid, full of high principle, sweet-tempered, and gay; not capable, perhaps, of either the deepest joy or the most tragical sorrow; a girl who had thorough command of her thoughts and words—one who would never be led away from what she knew and believed to be her duty. There was not the making either of a heroine of romance or of a tragedy queen in Agatha Lynne. She would be a good wife, a devoted mother, a kindly neighbor, and a steadfast friend. But it was not in her to love "not wisely, but too well." Genius and passion had not marked her as their own. Her life ran, and always would run, in common-place grooves and channels.

It was this good and gentle girl who attracted the young heir of Lynne. When in her presence, he felt as one who, in the scorching noon-tide heat, finds rest and shade. He was a better and a truer man when he had talked to her. She never made his heart thrill—she never awoke in him that deep, passionate love he could give, but she calmed and cheered him: she did not fire his ambition, but she taught him more of his every day duty than Philip had ever known before. So he grew to love her, and intended, when the days of her mourning were over, to ask her to be his wife.

Mrs. Lynne was much attached to Agatha. She stood rather in awe of the brilliant and beautiful Inez, who was so different from the general run of young ladies, so intolerant of little conventionalities, so fatally dowered with the gifts of genius and song, so proud, so haughty, yet at times loving and tender—Inez, whose childhood and girlhood had been spent in that far distant land, and was an unknown story to them; whose beautiful face paled, whose bright dark eyes grew dim, when they spoke to her of her Spanish home—she who professed utter indifference and scorn of all love and lovers, while she sang such music as would have charmed a heart of stone. Fitful, faulty, grand, generous, and noble, capable of any extreme of good or bad, requiring the training and guidance of a master hand gifted with the rarest and most wondrous beauty, capable of giving her life for one she loved, she was an enigma to the quiet English lady who ruled at Lynnewolde. Mrs. Lynne, through her very love for the girl, slightly tyrannised over Agatha, but it was very rarely that she interfered with Inez

Had the proud, passionate heart spoken yet? Ah, yes. She scoffed at love, but she would have laid down her life at Lord Lynne's feet, content to die if but once he would look upon her as he did upon her sister.

"I never feel as though Inez were one of our own," said Mrs. Lynne to her son one day; "that strange foreign life has made her so different to Agatha. I cannot understand a girl having no stories of her girlhood to relate. She seems to dislike the very name of Spain."

"I quite disagree with you, mother," was the reply. "I believe she loved her early home so much that she cannot endure to hear it mentioned."

* * * * *

Lord Lynne was away from home very frequently during the first few months after his uncle's death. He did not return to Severnoke Castle. Some one there watched waited, and hoped, but all in vain. He wrote a note to Lord Wyverne, and told him how constantly he was engaged, but that he hoped to see him after Christmas. Lord Wyverne knew exactly what that meant, and he inwardly raged against the poor old lord for his inopportune death.

"It was all going on so charmingly," he said to himself. "If he had remained here another week, he would have made her an offer before he left. He went away too soon."

Lord Wyverne told Florence that their late guest, now Lord Lynne, had asked to be most kindly remembered to her, but that he found himself too busy to pay his promised visit. If he had observed his daughter attentively, he would have seen her lips quiver and her violet eyes grow dim; but his lordship was just then too busy with a Perigard pie to attend to attend to any one but himself.

And if there were quiet tears shed over a bright hope faded, none knew of it: and if a fair young head tossed wearily through the long night, unable to find rest on a pillow that seemed strewn with thorns, no one was any the wiser. Florence Wyverne knew how to keep her own secret.

The year of mourning expired at last, and then Lynnewolde resumed its usual hospitalities. The terms of the strange will had not been made public. It was the wish of all who were interested in it that it should be so. Lord Lynne was consequently considered as one of the most eligible men in the county. The ladies were pressing in their invitations, and it was very seldom that one refused to visit Lynnewolde, whether for pic-nic, dinner, or evening party. Mrs Lynne did the honors of the house gracefully, and no one was more popular than the young lord and his bred, gentle mother.

None of the family had been to London during the season. The time of mourning had been spent in the strictest seclusion; but next year Mrs. Lynne was to present the young ladies, and under her auspices they were to make their debut in the world of fashion.

That summer, the one after the death of the old lord was an unusually fine one—it was also unusually warm; and the sisters spent but little time in-doors. Reading, walking, and sketching in the shady dells of the park—listening to the reading of the world's greatest poems, in which Lord Lynne took the keenest delight.

He had not spoken yet He had grown to love Agatha Lynne, calmly, deeply, and intensely. He thought of her as the one woman whom he should like to have near him through life. He did not know if his love was returned. Agatha was not of the demonstrative kind; but he intended, before he left Lynnewolde again, to ask her to become his wife.

Some one else had learned to love, beside Lord Lynne. With all the passion and warmth of her Southern nature, with all the force of her genius, with that fatal, concentrated fidelity that knows no change that counts no risk, Inez Lynne loved the handsome debonnaire cousin who devoted himself to her sister.

One bright morning in August the two sisters, with Mrs. Lynne, sat under the great cedar tree. It was too warm to work to read, or to sketch. Inez declared that the only life endurable on such a morning was that of a bee, who could rest himself at his ease in the very heart of a rose. Agatha by way of soothing her conscience held some delicate piece of work in her hand. She was talking to Mrs. Lynne, and Inez was watching the shadow of the trees on the grass.

"There are two gentlemen!" cried Agatha suddenly. "One is Lord Lynne; but who is that with him?"

"Some one who seems to know you," said Inez, more by way of hiding the crimson flush upon her face than from any need of speech.

"Oh Inez," cried Agatha, "it is Allan Leigh. How long has he been home, I wonder. How altered he is!"

The two gentlemen walked slowly over the grass.

"I have brought you an old friend," said Lord Lynne, with a smile, to Agatha, "and you, Miss Lynne, a new one."

There was little doubt that poor Allan was an old friend, for he had loved Agatha Lynne for as many years back as he could remember. He had loved her without hope. He knew she would be a great heiress, while he—although he would some day be Sir Allan Leigh of The Chase—was comparatively poor. He loved her, but he never told her so He was too diffident, too conscious of what he thought his own inferiority, to dream of asking her to be his wife. So he worshipped her at a distance, longing with an unutterable desire for something which should place him in a better position but the something never came.

He had spent the last three years on the Continent, and was so improved by his travels, and so altered, that Agatha hardly recognized him. He had learned a great deal, but he had not learned to forget her. He had seen brilliant and beautiful women: but the calm, gentle face he loved had more charms for him than Venus herself would have had

The distance between them did not seem so great now, and Allan had returned to England resolved to risk all, and woo and endeavor to win the girl he had loved so long.

He looked with surprise at the beautiful girl by Agatha's side. His father had told him that Miss Lynne had been sent for to Lynnewolde, but he had said nothing of what she was like, and Allan had pictured to himself a dark, foreign-looking girl, by the side of whom his beloved would shine like a star. He was not prepared to see the loveliest and most brilliant woman he had ever met with.

It was a merry party that sat during those warm, sunny hours under the great cedars. Yet Inez smiled half bitterly to herself as she noted that both the gentlemen were devoted to her sister She wondered if they were charmed by her child-like gaiety, by her simple innocent sweetness, or by the winning grace of her manner, so kind and thoughtful. She wondered, half bitterly why her own magnificent beauty had not more power, why those cold English hearts did not warm to her; she felt almost alone, did this strange gifted woman. Perhaps there was something too regal and queenly in the style of her beauty, for it was evident that both Philip and Allan stood rather in awe of her.

"I can give you the latest news of Spain, Miss Lynne," said Allan; "for I spent the last six months there."

"How happy you must be to have travelled and have seen so much," said Agatha; "I would give anything to go to Spain."

It was amusing to know that each gentleman as he listened, mentally resolved that her wish should be gratified.

"What makes you wish to go to Spain, Agatha?" asked Mrs. Lynne.

"I think it is one of the most picturesque of countries," she replied. "I read the romance of the Cid some years ago, and most of my ideas of chivalry are connected with Spain."

"I will not disabuse you," said Allan with a slightly cynical smile.

"You could not," replied Agatha; "then, I should like to see a Spanish lady in her mantilla, with a rose in her hair."

Lord Lynne held a glowing damask rose in his hand; a sudden thought seemed to strike him as he looked at it.

"If my mother will lend you her black lace scarf for one moment, Miss Lynne, he said, "we might show your sister the dress of a Spanish lady."

Inez smiled as he handed her the rose. It was the first flower he had ever offered her, the first time he had ever asked her to gratify any little wish, for Lord Lynne was usually somewhat reserved with his beautiful cousin. Although it was merely to please Agatha and not from any interest in herself that he made his request, she was glad and happy to grant it.

"I shall want a fan to make the costume complete," she said.

"You shall have a bough from that lilac tree," said Allan; "three tufts of lilac will make a pretty fan."

"But the color is too tame, I must have white or deep crimson to make a picture," replied Inez.

"What an artist you are!" said Allan, gaily; and he made her a fan of dark glowing crimson flowers peeping between green leaves.

Inez was no coquette, but she knew the value of effects; she placed the black lace mantilla on her head, and fastened the flower in her hair. Then she rose and stood before Agatha, making a low sweeping courtesy. She looked wondrously beautiful as she stood there, holding the crimson flowers to her bosom with the inimitable grace known only to Spanish women, and her splendid eyes drooped before the admiring glances bent upon her.

"Good heavens!" said Lord Lynne to himself; "how handsome she is!" And for the first time, her beauty seemed to reach his heart and his senses. Allan Leigh applauded loudly.

"You would make a capital actress, Miss Lynne, I am sure," he cried, eagerly. "Could we not get some charades or tableaux?—I do enjoy them so much. What do you say?"

"I should like it above all things," replied Inez. "I will restore your scarf, Mrs. Lynne, as our masquerade is ended," she said; but they would not allow her to be, what Agatha called, English again. Allan made her a throne of moss, and sat at her feet. Lord Lynne declared they only wanted a very brown gipsy with a very old guitar, to make him think he was in Spain.

"Come over this evening," said Lord Lynne to Allan, "and we will arrange for some tableaux. I owe my neighbors a party and we will have one."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CATHEDRAL'S TREASURES.

THE largest, most elegant, most costly, and in every way the finest church building on the American Continent is in the City of Mexico. It is 300 years since this immense building was begun, and more than 200 since it was finished, yet it does not bear the appearance of great age, although nearly all the materials in it, except the imported metals and precious stones, were centuries old when Columbus first sailed across the Atlantic, for it was largely built of the stones of the Aztec temple that stood upon precisely the same site, and that was destroyed by Cortez.

Sixty-two life-size statues serve as chandeliers, and everything else is in the same grand style. At the same time that they ask you for a small coin they give you a little book telling you how rich they are. This explains to you that the choir is surrounded by a balustrade of gold which was manufactured in China, and weighs more than 20 tons (not all gold;) that in the middle of the master altar is placed the tabernacle, supported by eight ranges of stucco colonnades, on the first two ranges of which stand the apostles and the evangelists and principal saints, and on the third rank a group of angels, principal among whom is the Virgin Mary. Then are enumerated these treasures: Six gold chandeliers, a cross whose body and pedestal are inlaid with precious stones, a cross of gold filigree, six bouquets of precious stones, four more large chandeliers, 20 chalices, six gold cruets and stands, a pix weighing 104 ounces of gold, covered with 1 676 large diamonds, 132 rubies, 143 emeralds, the whole mounted on 84 ounces of gold; two golden censers, the principal one a yard high, ornamented with 5 873 diamonds, and the other with 2,653 diamonds, 106 amethysts 44 rubies, and 8 sapphires, and contains 704 ounces of gold; 11 lustres of 24 branches each; 2 pairs of large chandeliers, 5 perfuming pans, 6 feet high, 8 statues, and a large number of silver and gold "bouquets." The statue of the Assumption, dating from 1610, the most valuable piece in the cathedral, is now missing, and without doubt went to pay part of the expenses of some of the countless Mexican wars. It was made of gold, and the ounce value of the gold alone, counting nothing for the workmanship, was $1,089,504; and it was covered from head to foot with precious stones. The large censer and a large proportion of the jewels and ornaments were given it. To the cathedral was damaged by an earthquake in 1836 and a great gold lamp, 23 feet high, was sold to pay for the repairs. The lamp was 9 feet in diameter, had 54 branches, and cost $71,342. One of the builders of the cathedral said to the architect: "Build us a church which will make posterity believe we were mad," and he did. The actual building cost $1 956 000, in a country where labor can be had for 25 cents a day, and stone for the quarrying.

An important discovery of a test for diamonds has been made by Professor William Crookes, of London, the full details of which have not yet been made known. He finds that rough diamonds emit an intense blue light when subjected to the action of electricity in a tube from which most of the air is exhausted. Diamonds placed among other gems can thus be easily distinguished.

Harry W. Baldwin, of Cincinnati, who was found dead on a sidewalk with a bullet through his brain, had been married only a few months. It is supposed that he was "accidentally" killed by a pistol shot fired at random by one of a party by a pistol shot fired at random by one of a party of drunken men on the opposite side of the street. He was the son of the cashier of the Third National Bank of that city, and a young man of exemplary character.

THE SONG OF LABOR.

BY J. R. E.

Ho, brothers, sing to-day a song—
A strain, that for its burden
Shall have, as trolls the lay along,
The toiling millions' guerdon!
Let others warble beauty's praise,
Or wreathe with bays the sabre;
United, we'll our voices raise
To chant the lay of labor.

The drops that bead the worker's brow
Are nobler far than laurels
That any victor chief can show,
Pluck'd from a nation's quarrels.
Some praise the minstrel when he sings;
I'd rather hear my neighbor,
Who on his smithy anvil rings
The melody of labor.

The man who nobly toils for bread
On none need dance attendance;
'Mid monarchs may he lift the head
Of honest independence!
The son of toiling ancestors,
He bears the burdens they bore;
And on his lot, though low, confers
The dignity of labor.

Then honor unto all who toil—
Strong man, or gentle woman;
Amid the daily strife and moil
There's something superhuman!
To working duty lends a charm;
So join with me good neighbor,
And sing on field, and forge, and farm,
The honor due to labor.

Ellen's Marriage.

BY A. C.

WELL, no man should know I was in love with him, though I was so for twenty years—a pretty fool I'd be making of myself, wouldn't I!" So exclaimed Ellen Hart, as we talked one summer day about the tender passion. Our "girl"—that is, general housekeeper and superintendent of affairs, was Ellen—shrewd and intelligent, but rude and unmannered. In the part of the country where we lived the line of demarcation between servant and mistress was not so sharply drawn as in some other regions of our republic, and our intercourse for the most part was on terms of equality, or nearly so.

As to her age, she had been long out of her teens, but not one whit of her dignity did Ellen abate with the passage of years, and many a time she said, as though the time were yet far away. "If I live to be an old maid, why let me live to be an old maid; I'd be as good, I reckon, as I am now."

Often in the lonesome afternoons I took my sewing, and, seated on the north porch near the kitchen door, amused myself by talking with Ellen, or watching her evolutions about the kitchen. So I was seated on the afternoon in which my story opens.

I had gradually led the conversation to this channel, for on no subject was Ellen so amusing as that of love.

She finally came to a stand still, with her arms elbow deep in the dough, so I told her I expected yet to see the day she would untie her purse-strings and give all her savings into worthless hands after all.

"May I die if I do," she said, putting on her severest expression. "Do you think I wore my winter ribbon all summer, and didn't get new artificial flowers for nothing, and spent a day making over my old robe, to give the money I saved to some lazy good-for-nothin."

I said quietly, "I should not be surprised; stranger things had happened. You think so now, because you have never been in love."

"There's where you're mistaken; I've been in love twenty times."

"Your love affairs have left your cheeks rosy, and your temper cheerful as ever."

"Why, yes," said Ellen, "why should I not be cheerful? What good would it do for me to let these pies burn up because I ain't married?—or to walk all night up and down my chamber, wide awake, and cold like enough, when there are good pillars and blankets and feather-beds right at hand."

And as Ellen turned her pies, she assured me that she had nothing new to learn about love. But one thing she was fully resolved on—to conceal it to the last, if ever she was in love again. "Because," said she, "the minute a man knows a woman likes him, he begins to play the tyrant. Not one cent of my money will any man ever get, nor not one bit of waiting on will he get at my hands. The man that gets me must be honest and industrious, have a good trade and a good home to take me to; and more than that, my word within doors must be the law. I don't want a man that is dressy, and wastes all his means that way—he must wear good homespun: and I won't have a man that hasn't got good eyes—I hate a half blind man; and I wont have a man who has a bald head—ugh! it looks dreadful; and I wont have a man that drinks—'cause there's no insurance of peace where a man drinks; nor must he smoke—I hate cigars as I do poison; and he must be good-tempered, and of course good looking—and nothing short of all that will do. I haven't passed so many good chances to take up with a bad one at last."

And Ellen slammed the stove door as though the thing were decided.

A sort of sneer—as much of one as Ellen ever indulged in—curled her lip, as in silence she dashed past me to bring from the well a pail of water; but when she turned, the sneer had given place to laughter, and, hurrying up to me, she said there was the greatest scarecrow coming into the yard she ever saw

I asked what manner of scarecrow; but before she had time to reply, a shadow stretched itself at my feet, and a moment after a man, past the prime of life, but of gentlemanly appearance, stood before me. In one arm he held a peacock, whose long, shining tail drooped to the ground, and, removing his hat with the disengaged hand, he bowed politely, and sententiously, and civilly offered the bird for sale. His dress and manner indicated gentle breeding, and I could not help thinking his present employment at variance with the previous habits of his life. "He is the last I have, urged the stranger, "and I should like to dispose of him: he will ornament your grounds here beautifully;" and he softly caressed the pretty creature as he spoke. Ellen, with a hot pie in her hands, came to the door to ascertain who was there, and of what nature the errand was.

The gentleman bowed on seeing her, and turned the train of the peacock towards her, silently caressing the bird, and seeming to elicit her admiration.

"Will you sell the peacock for five dollars?" asked Ellen, smoothing his feathers with her hand.

"Oh, that is quite too much, my kind young lady. I have resorted to this peacock trading rather for amusement than profit; and if you will be so good as to give me a glass of water and a piece of that pie, which looks very tempting to me, I will turn the fellow out, and think myself amply compensated."

"Thank you—thank you, sir," responded Ellen, smoothing down her apron in a confused sort of way, and withdrawing her eyes from the questioner.

I was called to the other side of the house for a few minutes, and on my return found the stranger eating a piece of pie with evident relish, at the same time conversing with Ellen, who stood in the door watching the peacock that was now walking slowly about the yard, evidently proud of his gorgeous plumage.

When the peacock-dealer had refreshed himself, he took leave of his bid with a caress, and thanking Ellen, as though still greatly indebted to her, he departed. During my brief absence from the porch, Ellen had learned that the man's name was Lupton, that he was a native of one of our eastern cities, boarding for a time at one of the neighboring farm houses, in the hope that the change of air might restore his eyesight, which had been greatly impaired by study.

Never was bird so petted as that peacock: Ellen never lavished such pains on anything before. Nothing was good enough for him, and oftentimes he drew her eyes away from her work with his beauty. "And what has become of the scarecrow that sold him to you, I wonder?" I said one day, as Ellen paused to feed him previously to going out for the afternoon.

"I don't know what could have made me think Mr. Lupton a scarecrow; I just said so for fun," replied Ellen, "I didn't think so."

All the summer the stranger, who was called Mr. Lupton, remained at Squire Whitfield's. And oftentimes, as he hunted through our fields with dog and gun, he made excuses to come to the house; and on these occasions Ellen regaled him with apple pie and home-baked cake. I saw him sometimes, but the more I saw the more was I puzzled—so well-bred and so companionable was he. I never heard of his resuming the peacock-trade, but occasionally we knew him to offer for sale the birds and rabbits which he shot in his frequent excursions.

Meantime Dollie Whitfield grew wonderfully attractive to Ellen—she must see her once or twice a week, and these visits were sure to be made after sunset, and as sure as they were made, Mr. Lupton accompanied Ellen home.

I assured her good-naturedly that I didn't suppose she felt any especial interest in Mr. Lupton, for he was precisely the contrary of all she admired. In the first place, indolent.

"How do you know that?" interrupted Ellen. "I would like to know what you would have him do—split rails?"

It was easy, I said, to discover his natural indolence; and I merely mentioned it because it was her aversion. "And then his bald head—I know you abhor that."

"I used to," said Ellen; "but it seems to me Mr. Lupton looks as well without hair as he would with it."

"And then, too, he dresses finely," I continued.

"Yes, but he's not the man to wear homespun. Mercy sakes alive! how would he look?"

"Then, you know, he is nearly blind; and you have often said you would not have a blind man."

"Pshaw! he is not blind more than I be be—spectacles are becoming to him, and his eyes are a little weak."

I said I began to think she was quite as blind as he, and that I was not sure but that my prophecy was now about to be realized.

But Ellen indignantly repelled the idea of being in love. She had freely acknowledged having been so, she said, in half a dozen cases, and why should she deny this? Nonsense! such thoughts had never entered her head.

"Well, Ellen," I said, "if this stranger should marry you—which is not probable—it will be for the sake of having an obedient slave, and for the money you have kept so carefully; for I'm sure he cannot have much, else why would he be selling peacocks and rabbits?"

Ellen urged that Squire Whitfield was not the person to board a man without he was paid for it; and that if Mr. Lupton was disposed to sell peacocks for fun, or even for money, it was his own affair.

So my advice was lost—as advice usually is—and that afternoon Ellen spent in tears. The following evening Mr. Lupton called. He was in high spirits; he had sold twenty quails, he said, that day, and thought the peacock trade quite superceded. He was neither boisterous nor improper, but that he had partaken freely of strong drink was evident. I hinted this to Ellen, but she affected utter incredulity. She had seen him just as funny many a time, she said—it was one of his ways.

Not many days after this, I noticed Squire Whitfield walking deliberately towards our house, his hat low on his brow, and his hands deep in his pockets. That he had some weighty matter on his mind was certain, and my surmises at once pointed to Mr. Lupton. Ellen saw him too, and as he turned into the gate withdrew from his notice, wondering what the old busy-body could want. I need not repeat his words. Suffice to say he came to warn Ellen to beware of seducing appearances—to impart, in fact, some very disagreeable intelligence, the amount of which was that Mr. Lupton was a confirmed inebriate, and, though the son of a highly respectable and wealthy man, was not allowed the use of a single cent. To himself, as the poor fellow's keeper, the father remitted monthly allowances, which were expended as for a child. The father's object was to keep his son in a healthy location, and to debar him the means of indulgence in strong drinks, which had already nearly brought his gray hairs to the grave. Thus the peacock traffic was explained; for so strong was the man's infatuation, that he would resort to any expedient for the means of procuring his favorite beverages.

Ellen was not moved even by this disclosure. She didn't thank Squire Whitfield for his pains, she said; when she desired his excellent advice she would ask it. And so after some restlessness and tears things went on as before.

Squire Whitfield was a good, conscientious man, and resolved that he would not be instrumental in bringing wrong to Ellen; so he advised Mr. Lupton that he could keep his son no longer.

When it was known that he was really going away thousands of miles, and that she would probably never see him again, Ellen fell seriously to pining—she had no appetite, no disposition to sleep, no interest in anything that was said or done; but went moping about the house, or shut herself in her room and wept day after dry. She had had no pleasure in her new dresses, and indeed ceased to notice anything except the peacock. This she fed, caressed and talked to by the hour. It was really sad to witness the girl's distress; I hadn't the heart to rally her, or try to do so.

At last I saw one morning something like strong resolution in the face that had looked so piteous for days; and as soon as the breakfast things were removed, Ellen set off in the direction of Squire Whitfield's, the little tow bag of long savings in her hands—a burden of which she was relieved on her return an hour afterwards; but she had brought with it peace. Her face was almost beautiful with the radiations of a joyous heart. I was not surprised when, on her return that evening from a walk to the house of the village preacher, she told us she was Mrs. Lupton.

Before a very humble cottage in our neighborhood the peacock is still spreading his bright train, while in his arm-chair at the window, Mr. Lupton sips brandy and water, and Ellen leaves the washing she is doing for the neighbors, at intervals, and asks, as she smiles sweetly, and places her toil-hardened hand on his bald head, what she shall do to make him comfortable; and never did her tow bag of money make her half so happy as this labor of love.

AN IMPERIAL BOOKWORM.—Though "a man of action," there never perhaps was a more confirmed bookworm than the Emperor Napoleon. In his campaigns he carried a traveling library of novels. He had an official in Paris to look after his literary condition, who had to supply Napoleon with novels eternally fresh. From Moscow, from Madrid, he kept writing for new novels. He often complained that they were really too bad. He would read a few pages in his traveling carriage, and then throw the dull volume out of the window, and turn, voracious, to a fresh packet.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

STRANGE SIGNATURES.—Native signatures in parts of India frequently illustrate the occupation of the writer. Thus a cultivator will make a mark resembling a plough, with two dots for bullocks; a cart-driver, the mark of a wheel, a barber, that of a razor, &c. Women make a round mark, supposed to represent a bangle.

A GREAT COMPANY.—Once upon a time a man sailing between New York and Norwich said to the captain of the ship: "I wish I had something to do." Whereupon the captain replied: "Do you see those bundles and packages in the berth of my state-room? Their number is increasing with every trip, they are in the way, and the care and attention that I have to give to them consumes more time than I can afford. Suppose you collect and take charge of these private packages for a fair compensation. I think you can easily build up a paying business." The man, whose name was Adams, took the hint, and from such a beginning originated the Adams Express Company.

PORTRAITS BY ELECTRICITY.—"Portraits by the electric light" is the latest novelty. Fifteen years ago I recollect going at night into a very shady place on the Surrey side, because I saw a staring placard inscribed "Portraits by electric light in a minute, only one-and sixpence." I went in, and paid my 18 pence to a ruffian who looked like a ticket-of-leave man, but combined the offices of doorman, cashier, and photographer. I was locked in a dark room with this sinister-looking gentleman and a camera and a thing that looked like a light-house in reduced circumstances. He focused me by means of a farthing dip. He blew it out; he said, "Now, sir, quite steady." I thought my time was come; but he exploded something in the lighthouse that nearly blinded me. I escaped with my life and a scared, pallid, spectre-like portrait of myself, which I have to the present day."

THE RICHEST CITY IN THE WORLD.—Frankfort-on-the Main, now containing a population of about 100,000 is reputed to be the richest city of its size in the whole world, if its wealth were equally divided among its inhabitants every man, woman and child would have, it is said, 20 000 marks, or some $5 000 a piece. There are, as may be supposed, a good many very poor people in the town; but the citizens are as a whole in unusually comfortable circumstances, more so probably than the citizens of any other capital in Germany or Europe. It is asserted that there are 100 Frankforters worth from $4 000 000 to $5 000 000 each and 250 are worth $1 000 000 and upward. The city is one of the great banking centres of the globe. Its aggregate banking capital is estimated at $200 000 000, more than one fourth of which the famous Rothschilds, whose original and parent house is there, own and control.

NATIONS WITHOUT FIRE.—According to Pliny, fire was a long time unknown to some of the ancient Egyptians; and when Thales, the celebrated astronomer, showed it to them, they were absolutely in rapture. The Persians, Phœnicians, Greeks and several other nations acknowledge that their ancestors were without the use of fire, and the Chinese confess the same of their progenitors. Plutarch and other ancient writers speak of nations who, at the time they wrote, knew not of the use of fire or had just learned it. Facts of the same kind are also also attested by several modern nations. The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire. Never was astonishment greater than theirs when they saw it on the desert Magellan in one of their islands. At first they believed it was some kind of animal that fixed to and fed upon wood. The inhabitants of the Philippine and Canary Islands were formerly equally ignorant. Africa presents, even in our day, tribes in this deplorable state.

VAMPIRE BATS.—Probably no part of Brazil is more afflicted than a portion of the province of Bahia with the scourge of vampires. Whole herds of cattle are sometimes destroyed by this venomous bat. It was long a matter of conjecture how the animal accomplished the insidious and deadly work; but scientific men have now decided that the tongue, which is capable of considerable extension, is furnished at its extremity with a number of papillæ, which are so arranged as to form an organ of suction, the lips having also tubercles symmetrically arranged. Fastening themselves upon cattle, these dreadful animals can draw the blood from their victims. The wound, made probably by the small needle-like teeth, is a fine, round hole, the bleeding from which it is very difficult to stop. It is said that the wings of this deadly bat fly around during the operation of wounding and drawing blood, with great velocity, thus fanning the victim and lulling while the terrible work is in progress. Some of these creatures measure two feet between the tips of their wings, and they are often found in great numbers in deserted dwellings in the outskirts of the city. The negroes and Indians especially dread them, and there are numerous superstitions among the natives in regard to them.

SWAPPED HEARTS.

BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

I prithee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why, then, shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie;
To find it were in vain,
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
O Love! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best resolved
I then am in my doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine;
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she has mine.

PENKIVEL;

—OR—

The Mystery of St. Eglon.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

I SUSPECT," said Mr. Pellew, "among other things that your father told the duke of Madeline's journey, and where she was gone; also put him in communication with this man Whalley perhaps with the intention of deceiving her with a pretended discovery of the poor child, who has run away. You are a good searcher Alice," concluded Mr. Pellew, "and a good listener. Seize every clue you can this night discover, and may all good angels give you courage!"

When we passed out of the garden gate, Mr. Pellew would have put money in the woman's hand, but she drew it back quietly.

"Master never permits his servants to take money from visitors," she said.

At this moment I stumbled over some small obstruction in the path, and fell heavily to the ground. Mr. Pellew would have raised me immediately, but I shrieked aloud with pain.

"I have sprained my ancle horribly," I cried. "I cannot endure it to be touched."

Roused at last into showing some concern the woman aided Mr. Pellew to carry me into the house, and lay me on a sofa. No sooner had they set me down than I fainted, but while a woman ran for water, I was able to say to Mr. Pellew, who was quite scared, "Don't alarm yourself."

However, this real fright of his, as I had judged, did good, and he played his part all the better for it.

"I must return to Exeter," he said, looking at his watch. "Do you think you can bear to be moved now?"

"Oh no! no! no!" I cried, in agony. "Let me stay here, or I shall die."

"That's impossible," said the woman, sharply. "In master's absence, I cannot take upon myself the responsibility of permitting a stranger to remain in the house."

"I don't think your master would object to Miss Rathline's staying here," returned Mr. Pellew. "On the contrary, I believe he will be much annoyed if you refuse her this slight hospitality."

"Miss Rathline," exclaimed the housekeeper. "Is this young lady Mr. Rathline's daughter?"

"I am sorry to say I am," I answered, dolefully.

"If you are doubtful of the fact," continued Mr. Pellew, "perhaps you had better read this letter, which I have brought for Mr. Whalley from his old friend. Of course, I should have kept it for him till to-morrow, but for this accident."

The woman took the letter, and broke the seal unceremoniously.

"I am satisfied," she said, as she refolded it. "I know Mr. Rathline's writing. If Miss Rathline is really too ill to be moved to-night she is welcome to remain."

I glanced at Mr. Pellew from beneath my eyelids, and saw by his troubled face that he was repenting of his request, and was afraid now to leave me here. It was quite impossible, of course, for me to reassure him.

"You had better let me carry you to the chaise," he said to me, imploringly.

But I steadfastly refused: and the earnest way in which he insisted, and the reluctance, the downright pain, with which he at last quitted me, quite disarmed the housekeeper's fears.

"At all events, you will let me send out a doctor from Exeter to see Miss Rathline?" he said to her on leaving.

"I perceive no objection to that," she answered; "but I hope he will come as soon as possible. I like to shut up the house early."

"He shall be here as quickly as I can send him," said Maurice.

With another look into my eyes, which answered him bravely, he was gone. But I confess my heart sank when I heard the sound of wheels, and knew I was alone in the ogre's castle.

I could not count the cowed herd of neglected boys, all young children, as anything, or the poor, sickly usher, who looked as starved and miserable as Romeo's apothecary.

I was carried up stairs into the spare room and laid upon the bed, and then I asked for a cup of strong tea, which I drank, eating at the same time as much bread and butter as I dared.

"I need all my strength for the work I have to do," I said to myself.

After this all was silent till about nine o'clock, when the doctor came. It terribly frightened me to see him ushered into my room; but when he declared my foot was badly sprained I knew he was no doctor, and in a moment, when he sent the woman away for hot water, he leaned over me, whispering, "Mr. Pellew would insist on my coming. I am to stay with you, if you are afraid. I am one of the men who came down in the chaise from London."

"I am not afraid," I answered. "If you remain here as a doctor the whole house will be watchful and alert, and nothing can be done. Say I am doing well, and then go."

"You are quite right, miss," said the man; "we must have him back in security if possible. We shall never find him else. I have brought you some matches and a tinder box, and a wax candle."

I hid these effectually just before the woman returned, and the pretended surgeon then took his leave.

At ten o'clock came the locking of doors, then sleep and silence fell upon the house, except for the tread of the quiet step heard rarely. Then I understood the housekeeper was sitting up alone for her master, and I prepared to share her watch with all my faculties alert. I sat in darkness, having refused a rush light, and the hours crept by slow, black, and silent, till the clock struck one. After this, my strained ear caught a footfall, and soon I heard distinctly a stealthy step mount the stairs. The step passed my room, where it paused a moment, and I heard the small sharp sound made by glass or earthenware when shaken. The next instant came the soft unlocking of a door, then steps again and silence.

"To whom can she be taking food at this time of night?" I asked myself, breathlessly.

With a very quiet hand I unclosed my door, and saw the glimmer of a light faintly shining down a steep narrow stair, marked by a high door, standing ajar now, but which I remembered was shut in the evening, when the woman had said it led to a lumber room. As I watched, uncertain what to do, a change in the window warned me the woman had taken the candle in her hand, and I guessed she was going to descend the stairs. Quick as the thought I closed my door noiselessly, and kneeling down I looked out through the large old-fashioned keyhole upon the woman's face. It was ghastly white; it was more filled with terror than any face I ever saw; it seemed only a frightful shadow of the hard watchful face I had looked on but a few hours ago. The light she held fell on her, revealing her terror, even to the shaking of her lips. Slowly, softly she crept down stairs, the light stealing away from beneath my door as she went, till with a little flicker it vanished, and I drew a long firm breath of relief.

What had brought that look of terror to her eyes? What was she gone to fetch? Was there time for me to traverse that steep stair, and fly back to my room before she returned?

I had noted the house well in going over it in the daytime. She had been proud to show it, proud of its cleanliness and well kept order; and she had lingered long in the kitchen, that we might mark its brightness and liberal arrangements. Quick as lightning my thought followed her thither, and decided instantly that I had time to explore the so called lumber-room, and return in safety. My prying disposition had naturally made me light of foot. I went up the stairs like a feather. At the top was a small landing, and another door standing open. A dim lamp burnt within, and the faint rays of the moon shone down from a skylight which was the only window in the room.

While I live I shall never forget the sight which met my eyes when, after a momentary bewilderment, I sprang forward within the room. In the furthest corner lay a woman, crouched upon some straw, and covered by a dark rug. Manacles were on her arms, and a chain about her waist confined her to a large iron ring in the wall. I had never seen a lunatic before, and I should have feared to approach her, but for her voice, which was very soft and low, as she murmured to herself indistinctly. Then, with a faint sickness at my heart I saw she was dying, and I understood the terror of Mr. Whalley's housekeeper.

I had heard of the cruel means by which the insane are coerced; but the sight was so much more dreadful than the hearing that I leant over the poor creature with tears of pity. Then her large eyes met mine suddenly, and there flashed into them a gleam of comfort.

"At last," she murmured faintly, while the faint flicker of a smile broke upon her lips. She was too weak to say more, but I understood her. I thought she would have said, "At last I see the face of a friend—a face which is neither a jailer's nor an enemy's."

"What can I do for you?" I said to her, softly. "I will be glad to obey your wish in anything."

But there was no answer, for at this instant I heard the housekeeper's step upon the stairs. I glanced round the large garret and saw there was a hiding place behind some old boxes. I was there in the space of a second. I was dressed in black, which gave me a greater chance of escaping unseen, and in the excitement of my nerves I felt no fear.

The housekeeper entered, bringing wine with her, which she put to the poor prisoner's lips. Through the crevices between the boxes I saw alarm and agitation written on her face.

The wine revived the sick woman, and her voice grew stronger.

"I want to see your master," she said; "I think I am dying."

"No, no!" answered the woman hurriedly; "don't say that. Master is away from home. Drink more wine."

With a faint sigh the poor lady obeyed her, and then once more she raised her voice. I felt and knew she meant her words for me.

"I take you as witness," she said, "that I have been kept in prison many, many long years, and I have been chained as mad when I am not mad? Do you not hear me?"

Oh how I longed to give her some token that I heard! But I dared not.

"I hear you'" said the housekeeper. "Are you better?"

"Better, and nearly free!" she answered. "You promised just now you would do anything for me."

Her white dying face was turned towards me, and by the light of the lamp I saw the imploring look upon it. I ventured to raise my hand and wave it. I saw her smile, and my hand fell down in thankfulness on my heart. The housekeeper, kneeling by the bed, had her back towards my hiding-place and, unstartled by the dying woman's look of joy, she never as much as turned her head.

"Did I promise you?" she said, as one who speaks to a child. "Then I will do it."

"Up there in the wall," continued the poor creature, "high as my chain will reach you'll find a little book. Give it to—to—her, and tell her——"

But the words died on her lips and she sank faint and speechless.

The frightened housekeeper leant over her in such terror that she spoke to herself aloud.

"To think that this should happen to-night when he is away," she moaned, wringing her hands together. "Oh what shall I try now? Will brandy do her good, I wonder? Oh that I should ever have come here, to have such a secret as this put into my keeping!"

Then the thought of the brandy struck her again, and after one frightened look she quitted the garret.

I scarcely waited for her to reach the foot of the narrow stairs before I was by the poor lady's wretched bed. I bent over her and spoke close to her ear, that my words might reach her dying sense.

"I promise you, as I hope for mercy when that hour comes to me which is on you now, that I will fulfil your request. Try to tell me to whom I must give the book."

Once more that dying smile of ineffable joy and gratitude flitted across her face and her worn hand pressed mine.

"Sent to me by Heaven," she murmured. And in saying this her strength was spent, but her eyes glanced upwards, and I fancied I understood their meaning.

"You are trying," said I, "to tell me, that I shall find upon the book the name of the person to whom I must give it."

Her eyes said yes, and with inexpressible anxiety they watched me as I stretched my arm as high as I could upon the wall above her, till my fingers lighted upon a little niche in the stone, whence they drew forth a small pocket-book. Oh what a look of joy lighted up her face as I hid this in my bosom!

Then I knelt beside her again, saying, with tears, "Take comfort and be assured I will do this for you quickly. When I hear the woman returning I will go back there, and pray for you. I will thank God for his mercy in sending me here."

By a sudden effort she clasped both her hands together, as if in prayer; but the word that faintly issued from her lips was "Praise;" and the smile come again, flickering like a pale sunbeam on her face. "Kiss me," she whispered; and stooping, I touched her cheek with trembling lips; then, by a great effort her lips returned the pressure, and her eyes closed, as though her last wish on earth was granted.

"You mean this kiss for her," I said, touching the book in my bosom. "I will give it to her, do not fear."

The coming step warned me to escape; and I had but just got to my hiding-place when the woman entered. But all her remedies were useless now. The faint flame of life quivered but for a moment, then sank down gently, softly, and with a sigh went out.

I never saw anything so abject and terrible as that woman's fear, when she found herself alone with death. For a full minute she stood motionless, except for the trembling of her frame; then, still shaking in every limb, she covered her white face, and turned towards the door. My heart beat fast as I watched her, for I thought she would turn the key in the lock; but on the threshold she paused, arrested by a sudden thought.

"She remembers the book," I said; and this was the case, for returning, she put her large coarse hand up and down the wall, high as she could reach, failing each time to discover the crevice, which my softer fingers had lighted on at once.

"There's nothing here," she muttered. "It is just like these crazy folks to have such fancies."

Apparently the sound of her own voice gave her courage, for she fetched a little common stool which stood near her, and prepared to mount it, and search again; but in doing this her heavy woolen gown swept over the candle, which she had placed on the floor, and extinguished it. There remained still the dim light of the small lamp, but for a moment after the extinction of the candle, all things seemed plunged in darkness. I could scarcely repress the cry of thankfulness which rose to my lips, as, taking instant advantage of this moment's darkness, I started up and fled like a shadow. Seizing the hand-rail of the balusters, I flew down stairs, and in another second I was safe within my room.

In flitting by the terror stricken woman though she had not time to turn and see me I felt she heard me, and I knew she had uttered a cry of agonized fear. But I knew also, that the sudden darkness, and the awful presence so close by her, had influenced her mind, and that when she relighted the candle she would re assure herself. Nevertheless, after locking both doors—and I listened to the turning of the keys with a throbbing heart—her feet paused at my chamber, and she stood there listening a long while. Then she passed on slowly.

Some little while after this I heard a sleepy voice saying, "What's the matter, Mrs. Fooks? What are you doing up at this time of night?"

"I am waiting up for master Mr. Inman," she replied.

"Nonsense," returned the sickly usher, peevishly. "It is two o'clock; Mr. Whalley won't be home to night."

"Well, I begin to think so too," she said. "I'll go to bed, and to sleep, if I can."

"You seem to want it," said the usher. "You look like a ghost."

She moved away, then came back. I could tell this by the shadow of her candle.

"Do you know, Mr. Inman;" she said, "I thought just now I heard a step. Have you heard anything?"

"Only you," replied the usher, "prowling about like an old cat. That's all I've heard."

"Well," she resumed, "I've been wondering if that young lady heard me too, and got frightened, and so crept out on the stairs——"

"What, Miss Rathline?" interrupted Mr. Inman. "Where are you wits to-night, Mrs. Fooks? Why, the girl can't put her foot to the ground."

The woman uttered a sigh almost like a groan; then she said, heavily, "Good night. I shall go to bed."

Very soon after her retirement the deep silence assured me that I might traverse the whole of the lower part of the house if I would, unheard and undisturbed; but I did not desire this. I only longed for a few minutes talk with Mr. Pellew. Enough that I accomplished this, both of us standing in the deep shadow of the garden wall, as I recounted hurriedly my strange history. But I was not prepared for the horror with which Mr. Pellew heard it, and I was shocked at the sombre silence into which he fell.

"Try to sleep, Alice," he said at last. "The villain will not return to-night. To-morrow early we must procure a search warrant and bring this iniquity before the light of day. But I wanted first, if possible, to put my hand upon the arch traitor himself, for at the slightest alarm here at his wicked nest he will never return to it again."

Upon this he quitted me; then I remembered he had not asked even to look at the pocket-book.

* * * * *

A carriage and four at the gate, and the Duke de Briancourt bowing and smiling, and greeting every one like a prince.

"Ah, Miss Rathline," he cried, "how glad I am to meet you here, since I can give you good news. Your brother is found."

"Found!" I exclaimed, springing up madly. "And can I see him?"

"Certainly," he replied, "if you will do me the favor to accompany me. It is necessary some one should identify him. I came hither, hoping to fetch Mr. Whalley for that purpose, but I hear he is not at home."

My heart yearned to see Alfred, but what would Mr. Pellew say at my defection?

"Who found him?" I said, eagerly.

"I had that pleasure," replied the duke. "Perhaps you will remember that Mrs. Singleton left town hurriedly on this painful quest, and I, feeling it was too anxious a task for a lady, followed her, and took it off her hands."

"The lady came here," said Mrs. Fooks, whose hard face was terribly haggard by the morning light, "but master did not see her; he was ill that day. She was greatly agitated when she left. I am glad the boy is found."

"Can you tell me where Mr. Whalley is?" asked the duke carelessly.

"No sir," replied Mrs. Fooks. "When he leaves home he never says where he is going."

"In that case, Miss Rathline, I must urge you to accompany me," resumed the duke; "for there seems no probability of my finding Mr. Whalley. I do not think the journey will hurt your sprained foot much."

"I don't think it will," I said, bluntly.

I was resolved to go. I did not like the duke, and I was sorry to leave Mr. Pellew; but Alfred came first in my thoughts, and drove all other considerations to the winds. In two minutes more I was in the carriage, and we had driven off.

"You say we shall change horses at Exeter," I observed to the duke. "If so, I shall have time to see the doctor there, who is attending to my foot."

"Certainly" said the duke, politely.

Under this pretence I was put into a hackney coach in the old city, and drove rapidly to the inn, where I knew Maurice was gone to snatch a little sleep. When he had heard my story, he looked at me very mournfully.

"Shall you know your brother again, after an absence of nearly three years?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," I cried,—"I shall know him among a thousand."

"Take care you are not cheated, Alice," he answered. "You are right to go,—I should have begged you to do so myself. The duke knows where Madeline is; and, if he does not grow suspicious of you, he will let you know also. Be kind to her when you meet,—she will need kindness. In another hour the magistrates will visit Whalley's house. I cannot defer that duty, even for the sake of capturing him. It is evident to me now that he has had warning, and has escaped."

"Father, perhaps," I said dubiously.

Mr. Pellew started, and then wrung my hand kindly.

"Fool that I am!" he cried. 'Rathline doubtless sold me to Whalley, before he sold Whalley to me. We must watch the coast towns now. Never mind. I will say no more to you, Alice. Good-bye."

I drove off, and was soon travelling on again with the Duke de Briancourt, who took the trouble to explain to me, that the reason of his anxiety for my presence was to prevent a gross fraud from being practised on a lady in Cornwall.

"You are aware that your respected father is not quite a Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*," he remarked; "and he has been trying to persuade this lady that Alfred is not his son, but hers. Your sister warned her of his intention, but she fears he will yet carry it out with some success. However, he will not do that while he has the Duke de Briancourt for an antagonist."

The man's triumph was evident; he was so full of elation that I hated him. Not that father deserved a single good thought of mine, but it wasn't pleasant to hear the truth about him from those sinister lips. Moreover, I felt sure his joy arose from no good feeling: and I tremble for Madeline. I suspected his triumph sprung from some new power he had gained over her; for the mad, passionate, angry love with which he had pursued her for so many years, danced continually on his lips. It was in vain he strove at times to be silent; he burst out again instantly with some snatch of song that Madeline had sung, or some glowing, loving words from play or opera, which she had uttered in her *role* of heroine. These he recited sometimes with a strange pathetic tenderness, but oftener with a fierceness that made me tremble.

* * * * *

I awoke with a start, hearing the roar of the sea, and wondering for a moment where I was. We were descending a steep hill, the postillions leading the horses carefully. It was night, and the glare of the lamps threw great fantastic shadows on the road.

"Are we nearly at our journey's end?" I said, wearily.

"Are you tired?" asked the duke, in wonder. "We have travelled with incredible speed. We have come over seventy miles of road in eight hours. See what it is to pay well. Two miles more, Miss Rathline, and we are arrived!"

His joyousness was contagious. I began to think of the dear brother from whom I had been separated so long, and I objected no longer to the duke's songs, although the theme was still Madeline.

These two miles seemed to me the longest of all the journey, so impatient was I to see Alfred. We drew nearer and nearer to the sea; then there loomed upon me through the darkness a large, stately, cold-looking mansion, surrounded by a gloomy wood of pines, except on that side which faced the huge waves of the Atlantic, which rolled in upon the mighty rocks with a roar that seemed to shake the solid ground.

"This is Penkivel," said the duke.

In another instant the carriage door was open, the steps were down, and like one in a dream, yet trembling with impatience, I followed the duke to a large, dimly-lighted room where a lady met us and took me by the hand. She was pale and fragile, with a gentle worn face, having on it the remains of great but faded beauty. She scanned me with a very earnest look, then led me to another door, which she opened, and bade me enter. This inner room was blazing with many wax lights, which for a second dazzled me, but in another instant I saw my brother standing by a table, and, springing forward, I had him in my arms.

"Alfred! Alfred!" I cried, while my tears fell for joy. "Do you know me?—do you remember me? How grown you are! But you are not changed much. I should have known you anywhere all over the world."

I talked utter nonsense to the boy, not knowing what I was saying; then, looking up I saw the lady and the duke regarding us.

"Lady Crehylls, are you satisfied?" he asked.

She was in tears, and for a moment her lips trembled too much to answer, then she said mournfully, "I am satisfied, duke. I have no doubt the boy is as he represents himself to be, Alfred Singleton, the brother of the young lady whom you have kindly brought to me. I am grateful to you for having saved me from a cruel deception."

"Madam, I have done my duty," returned the duke, bowing, with his hand upon his heart. Then he glanced towards me, and said, "Perhaps Miss Rathline would like to read the letter which has rendered her presence here necessary."

Upon this Lady Crehylls opened a desk standing on the table, and took thence a letter, which I saw at once was in father's writing.

"Madam," he wrote, "before quitting England for ever, I deem it my duty to inform you that your son, Aubrey Crehylls, is living. Ever since the accident by which my own son was drowned, he has borne the name of Alfred Singleton, and he has passed to the world for my son. When I tell you that this fraud was devised and executed by Mrs. Singleton—Madeline Sherborne—you will receive with great caution any counter-statement she may make to you. I assure you, on the honor of a gentleman, my words are true,—your son lives; and I would advise you to take instant means to discover him. Bear in mind that he goes by the name of Alfred Singleton; and his young mind has been so imposed on, that he absolutely believes himself to be my son. Proofs of my assertion will not be wanting; and if you will forward to my agents at Liverpool the sum of two hundred pounds, they shall be sent to you forthwith. If you value your own piece, I entreat you not to permit yourself to be deceived by Mrs. Singleton, or by the fact of the boy's calling himself by a name he has been taught to believe his own."

Here followed a further promise of fuller details on receipt of the money, and the address to which it was to be sent.

I flung down the letter in disgust, and the duke, stooping for it, laid it on the table with an expressive shrug of the shoulders.

"Being somewhat in Mr. Rathline's confidence," he said, "I happened to get a glimpse of this letter, and feeling indignant at its falsehood, I travelled down hither, picking up Alfred in my way, and brought him at once before Lady Crehylls. Thus you see, Alice, I have destroyed a very promising little speculation of your father's. But it was impossible I could remain inactive when he sought to perpetrate so cruel a wrong on the heart of a mother."

Lady Crehylls thanked him again; but a strange, undefinable uneasiness was gathering round my own heart. I held Alfred by the hand, and gazed into his face with eager eyes. I observed he was very shy, and silent, and obedient to the slightest gesture of the duke's.

"I trust, madam," he continued, "that not the slightest doubt remains on your mind that this boy is truly Alfred Singleton, the son of Richard Rathline, but, luckily for him, bearing an honester name. Alice, will you tell Lady Crehylls, frankly, your opinion of your father's honor as a gentleman?"

Thus adjured, I was compelled to speak honestly.

"The whole letter is false," I said, "from beginning to end. Father has no truth, no honor, no honesty. This boy is my brother, and the little Aubrey Crehylls was drowned."

My words made the duke's eyes gleam with a curious look of triumph.

"I can never forget," said Lady Crehylls, falteringly, "that your elder and dearest brother, Miss Rathline, died in his noble endeavor to save my child. Will you accept this in remembrance of him and of me?"

She drew a ring from her finger and placed it on mine. I tried to thank her, but this mention of Tom had brought my heart into my throat, and my voice was choked.

"You do right, madam, to cherish gratefully the memory of Thomas Singleton," said the duke. "His was one of the noblest and gentlest hearts that ever beat."

Surprised at this, I looked up and saw traces of unwonted emotion on the duke's hard face. But in a moment it had vanished, and he bowed himself to the door with a conventional civil smile.

"Lady Crehylls," he resumed, "we will not trespass longer on your hospitality. You will allow us to say farewell. My horses have stood to long already at the door."

Lady Crehylls did not press us to remain. I saw her heart was yearning for the relief of solitude, but in parting with Alfred, she held his hand in hers with a lingering pressure, and gazed on his face with a weary look.

"You are much changed since I saw you in the churchyard of Penkivel with your father," she said.

"Boys of his age alter very fast," interposed the duke. "Alice, you find your brother much changed, do you not?"—"Yes," I answered.

Lady Crehylls, however, still looked at him wistfully.

"Yet you knew him again," she said. "But I should have scarcely recognized him myself. To be sure, I saw him only in the dusk, yet I fancied his face had made an impression on me. I looked at it very tenderly, knowing he had been the playmate of my poor boy."

Alfred vexed me by his silence.

"Why don't you speak?" I whispered.

"I remember Aubrey quite well," he said, timidly. "I loved him very much."

Lady Crehylls kissed him as he spoke, leaving tears upon his cheek, and then the duke hurried us away in great haste.

In two minutes more the carriage door was banged to, and the four horses were off at a rapid pace.

"Your sprained foot is miraculously cured, Miss Rathline," said the duke, leaning forward to look at me, maliciously.

"Yes, it is," I retorted, with intense snappishness; "and perhaps it was miraculously sprained, too. Where in the world are you taking us now?"

"To Madeline," he replied; and then he broke out again into his insane singing.

CHAPTER XLIX.

MINDFUL of Mr. Pellew's wish to discover Madeline, I was careful to say nothing to the duke to rouse his jealousy or suspicion. I strove for some time to talk to Alfred, but he seemed afraid to answer me, so at last we sank into silence, or roused ourselves into speech only at a change of horses, when the dull oil lamps of quiet little towns flashed on our sleepy faces.

Towards midnight, when I think we must have been traveling some three or four hours, the duke grew restless, lowering the carriage often to ask the post-boys if they knew their way.

"Yes, your honor," they answered, "but the road is uncommon bad. I reckon we can't take the carriage all the way down."

"But you must," was the reply.

So we jolted on through a terrible road for another half hour, and then came to a sudden stop, as it seemed to me on the edge of a precipice.

"We are arrived, Alice," said the duke, in a tone of exultation. "Let me assist you to alight."

As I descended from the carriage I looked around in the weird moonlight, on the wildest spot I had ever beheld. I heard the sound of the sea, I saw the deep shadow of a sombre wood, on whose border there glared whitely on us a dismal house, weather-stained, with long trailing creepers hanging from window and balcony.

"Where am I?" I asked, in some trepidation.

A kindly voice answered me:

"You are at St. Eglon's Hut, miss. Please walk in—I have a fire, and everything ready for you."

It was a comely, motherly woman who spoke, and I followed her without fear, through a desolate, weed covered garden, into the dismal house. However, she ushered us into a parlor, which, in spite of mildewed paper and faded furniture, was made cheerful by a wood fire and lights.

"Come and warm yourself, Alfred," I cried, gleefully.

The woman turned at the sound of my voice, and led the boy forward by the hand.

"So your name is Alfred, my dear?" she said.

"Yes, ma'am, Alfred Singleton," he answered; "and this is my sister Alice."

Now the duke was not present, Alfred's tongue seemed loosed.

"Alfred Singleton!" repeated the woman, in a tone of wonder. "Well that is strange indeed."

And she gazed at Alfred with an amazement that made me laugh.

"What is there strange in the boy's name?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing, miss, nothing," she answered, with her eyes still fixed on Alfred's face. "As you say, miss, there's nothing strange in the name. My own, perhaps, will seem more outlandish to you. I am called Grace Chagwynne, miss, and I've had the care of St. Eglon's Hut wellnigh two and twenty years; but of all the queer things I've seen in it, I think a wedding will be the queerest."

"A wedding!" I cried, aghast.

Looking up, I met the duke's eyes blazing with triumph, and all his keen, powerful face aglow with happiness.

"Yes, a wedding," he said. "Congratulate me, Alice. Madeline and I are to be married to-night."

His worded sounded to me like utter madness; nevertheless, I turned cold as ice, in the fear that they were true.

"How can you be married here?" I asked scornfully. "Such a marriage in English law would be no marriage."

"English law is nothing to me or to Madeline," returned the duke. "We quit England forever, to-morrow. A priest of my own church will marry us here; and though I do not admire Madeline's taste in selecting so gloomy a spot as this for the ceremony, yet I was bound to overcome all difficulties to obey her wish. Madam, I think you said my friend was arrived." And he turned and bowed with great politeness to the woman Chagwynne.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DIAMOND EYE.—A widow in Brussels, having lost one of her eyes through an accident, caused it to be replaced by an artificial eye of glass. There would, of course, have been nothing remarkable in this if the new eye had been glass, and nothing more. But the lady was not content with an ordinary feature, and "out of a spirit of coquetry, and with a view of giving greater brilliancy to the eyeball," she had it set in diamonds at a considerable cost. The fame of the precious eye not only spread throughout Brussels, but even attracted to the widow's side a skilful adventurer from Paris, who finally stole it out of its socket when it and its mate were asleep.

AN AFGHANISTAN TRADITION.—Afghanistan is known by its shuddering neighbors as the "land of sudden death." It well deserves the title. The Afghans themselves exult in the belief that the devil fell in their country when he was thrown out of Heaven. The inhabitants of Cabul boast that their city holds the tomb of Cain. Tradition reports that Mahomet described one of the dialects of the Afghan tongue as the language of hell. The traveler who has carried his life in his hands through the wild passes which lead to the Ameer's capital, finds little difficulty in accepting the legends. He is certainly willing to admit that Cain is sleeping among his kindred, and that the Pathan people sprang straight from Satan's loins.

A SPIDER STRATEGIST.—A correspondent recently witnessed the following incident: A boy removed a small spider to put it in the centre of a big spider's web which was hung among foliage, and distant some four feet from the ground. The larger animal soon rushed from its hiding-place under a leaf to attack the intruder, who ran up one of the ascending lines by which the web was secured. The big insect gained rapidly upon its desired prey, the smaller creature. Spiders are cannibals—notably the larger females. When the little spider was barely an inch in advance of its pursuer, the former cut with one of its posterior legs the line behind itself, so that the stronger insect fell to the ground, thus affording time and opportunity for the diminutive strategist to escape along the ascending rope of the web.

HOW MONKEYS ARE CAUGHT.—The ape family resembles man; their vices are human; they love liquor, and fall. In Africa the natives make a fermented beer, of which the monkeys are passionately fond. Aware of this, the natives go to the part of the forest frequented by the monkeys, and set on the ground calabashes full of the enticing liquor. As soon as the monkey sees and tastes it, he utters loud cries of joy that soon attracts his comrades. Then an orgie begins, and in a short time they show all degrees of intoxication. Then the negroes appear. The few who came too late to get fuddled escape. The drinkers are too far gone to distrust them, but apparently take them for larger species of their own genus. The negroes take some up, and these begin to weep and cover them with maudlin kisses. When a negro takes one by the hand to lead him off, the nearest monkey will cling to the one who thus finds a support, and endeavors to go on also. Another will grasp at him, and so on until the negro leads a staggering line of ten or twelve grinning monkeys. When finally brought to the village they are securely caged up and gradually sobered down.

Captain Eads' scheme for improving the mouth of the Mississippi for the purpose of commerce may now be regarded as completely successful.

HOPE.

BY SCHILLER.

Man in every dream his hope betrays,
He looks, and longs, and talks of better days;
The goal before him, see his courage rise!
And lo! he runs and strives to gain the prize.
The world grows old; the son succeeds the sire;
Yet hope is stamp'd on all for something higher.

Hope hail'd man into life, and smiled,
And fluttered o'er the births, the joyful child;
Charmed with her magic spell the youth divine.
Nor ceases on the veteran's tomb to shine:
He in the grave, the conquest o'er, now lies,
Yet in the grave Hope lives; he never dies.

This is no flattery; this no spectre vain,
Nurtured by fools to mock the clouded brain;
Loudly it echoes in the throbbing heart
"Thine is a better lot, a nobler part."
And what that inner voice shall haply say,
The hoping soul believes, and trusts for aye.

The Old Screen.

BY E. WILLS.

THERE the old thing stood, staring me out of countenance with its flaring red and yellow roses.

Oh, I could have cried with vexation; for was not my father this very day to depart on a most auspicious business excursion, and had I not planned to smuggle in my forbidden but handsome lover for a delicious evening tete a-tete!

Now that hateful screen was going to spoil it all, for how could I be happy with such a thing of ugliness before my eyes all the time, right in the most conspicuous part of the parlor, too?

"Mamma," said I, turning to that lady, who had just entered, "I do wish you would have that horrid object removed. It actually makes my eyes ache; how could you have put such a piece of furniture in the parlor?"

"I am sorry a daughter of mine," she replied, "should have so little reverence for her ancestors, or the work of their hands. When I accidentally discovered this heirloom yesterday, I little thought the work of my dear great grandmother would meet with such disrespect from so near a descendent."

"But, mamma, it entirely hides your beautiful Psyche from the view of any one in the front part of the room, and they never could see me at the piano."

These were her weak points; the statue she had brought with much trouble from abroad, and was extremely proud of it in its crimson velvet niche, and she was never tired of hearing praises bestowed on my brilliant execution.

"Oh, I had not thought of that," was her answer to this argument. "I will have John remove it to the back, but I cannot think of banishing it altogether."

And she swept from the room, leaving me, as I thought, in possession of it for the next few hours.

John was sent in, and the object of my disgust was moved to an out-of-the way corner to repose in peace, while I sank back in my chair with a sigh of relief and gave myself up to delicious reveries.

How long these lasted I do not know, but suddenly I was lifted bodily out of the chair and clasped tightly in the arms of the six foot piece of humanity I called lover.

"You precious darling," he began, "how refreshing you are. I suppose now we may count on a whole evening for ourselves without Mrs. Grundy for a chaperone. Ever since I received your charming note I have been an image of suspense, waiting with what patience I could until I dared come to you. Is the coast quite clear?"

"Perfectly; but how in the world did you come in, Tom?"

"How did I enter? Why, I came in through the library window, fair lady, which happened, most opportunely, to be open. See what dignity wealth bestows. If I were only Greig, the banker, now, I would have boldly demanded admittance and obtained it; being only Tom Clinton, the lawyer, I get in the best I can."

"Which is all you deserve, saucy one, so be content."

"But, darling, what is the matter? You look as though things were not all straight."

"They are not exactly, as you will see if you cast your eyes around."

His glance went through the parlor and rested on the screen.

"Whew! I never heard of any furniture that went into the ark or I should think that was a piece of it. Are you sure Noah never possessed it?"

"Mamma says my great great grandma worked it, and she insists upon placing it here to my horror; but I shall never rest until it is banished to the attic whence she rescued it yesterday. If the colors were only subdued, but all that blazing red and yellow is too horrible.

"I suppose the venerable lady thought, as His Satanic Majesty did when he painted his body red and green, that it was 'neat but not gaudy.' But, come, tell me how things are; does your father still have such an unconquerable aversion to your humble servant?"

"Indeed I had no chance of ascertaining, for I have not dared mention your name even. That detestable Mr. Greig comes faithfully, and papa is only amiable while he is boring me. Hark, Tom! Can it be possible that is his voice? It must be, and if he finds you here I may never see you again!"

"Perhaps he will not come in here, don't be so alarmed, Mabel."

"He will look for me at once, as he always does, I'm sure; you had better go. There, you are too late! Quick, the screen!"

I saw a pair of heels disappear behind its edge, and then turned to greet my irate father, who had been calling me in vain.

"Did you want me, papa? I have been resting, but I thought I heard you asking for me?"

"Your rest must have resembled that of the Seven Sleepers then. Yes, I have been calling you with all the strength of my lungs ever since I entered, for I had some information for you."

His voice suddenly became very earnest, and I had an inward dread of what was coming.

"Just as I was about to leave the city to-day," he continued, "I had a call from Mr. Greig, who informed me he wished to have the pleasure of becoming my son-in-law, and would call this evening to request the honor of your hand. I gave him my hearty consent, and hastened home to bid you prepare yourself."

"But, papa, I don't love the man; I detest him! Don't force me to such a thing as marriage with him."

"He has my consent, young lady. As for love, it is all nonsense. The man is perhaps not all I would desire, but there are many who are worse, and he is wealthy. Refuse him at your peril!"

He left the room, and I sank back sobbing. Was this then to be the end of all my bright dreams—to be sold to a man I detested? No, I determined it should not be. Then my lover's arms were around me, and his voice sounded in my ear.

"Hush pet and listen while I propose a way of escape. Does my darling love me well enough to go with me and let us be made one this very hour? I swear, by all that man holds sacred, to love and cherish you as dearly as though it was done with the full approbation of your parents, and then I will take you to my own mother who is eager to receive you as a daughter. Speak Mabel!"

I felt as though a strong hand were grasping my throat, and I said chokingly:

"I—will—go—Tom."

It was not long before I stood in that room again as Mrs. Tom Clinton, but there were other auditors to this scene: my father was striding up and down, purple with anger; my mother was weeping in a corner of the sofa; my would be-suitor stood with a pale, set face, regarding my husband and myself; the former being the only cool one of the party, for I was too nervous to do aught but cling to my new protector.

"How dare you, sir! How dare you? But she is no longer a daughter of mine; begone both of you and never let me see you again!"

It was my father who spoke and in his anger he scarcely looked toward us.

"Come, Mabel, I only wanted yourself," said Tom, "and now he has given you to me, let us go."

It was hard for me to do, but I had no other alternative. I turned to my mother:

"Good night, mother dear," I sobbed, 'Good night, I will see you soon, very soon again," and we left.

Well, we were forgiven after a season, but I did not get rid of the screen after all, as Tom actually begged it from Mamma. "For," he said solemnly, "I am convinced Mabel, if it had not been there that night I should have been discovered, and so might have lost you forever."

AT a late loan collection in Norwich, Conn., Colonel C. M. Ferris exhibited an old watch with the following inscription: "This watch was purchased by Sylvanus Ferris, of Greenwich, Conn., about 1754. It was then an old watch, having on its case that patch it now bears. It was carried by him through many hard battles of the French and Indian wars of Ticonderoga and Crown Point in 1759. Also through the war of the Revolution; and when the Tories came to ransack and plunder his house he would bury it in the ashes of the fireplace. It has never been out of the family, always having been preserved with great care."

CASHIER CLARK of the National Bank of Lowell, Mich., was another rogue who hid his wickedness under religious activity. His word was regarded by the directors as sacred, and once, when an examination of his books was suggested, tears welled up in his eyes, and he seemed so hurt that the idea was never broached again. In the same meeting of the directors he inveigled them into counting three notes twice as assets, thus hiding a theft of $5,000. He was exposed after he had used up about all of the the bank's surplus of $20,000.

An ox that died in Florida had two bushels of sand in his paunch.

A Genuine Widower.

BY E. W.

THE first deep shadow that ever rested upon Henry Herbert's home was cast over it by the loss of his affectionate and devoted wife. Such a loss seems always doubly painful to be borne by the father when the children are quite insensible of their heavy bereavement, as children of ten or twelve are apt to be.

Mrs. Herbert was most unexpectedly taken from a scene of labor and care over which her supervision was supreme. If her husband was perplexed, she was his comforter; if he was sick, she was his good nurse; if he was dejected, she was his sun. Of course the faithful discharge of the maternal relation was not wanting; and while the feeling of desolation bore so sadly upon Henry Herbert's heart, let us hear the first letter he dictated to a very dear friend after his severe and long affliction.

'MY DEAR ANNA:—I can never express to you in language the painful sense of loss which everywhere meets me since my beloved Lizzie has gone from my side. Never was it more intensely realized than the first morning our little family group ranged themselves around the breakfast table. She who was ever the presiding genius at that board, whose smile always made the most lowering day open propitiously and hopefully, was not there—but instead a pert young housekeeper occupied her chair, and by her attempts at affability and affected good humor strove to dissipate the sadness of our countenances. Perhaps it was a kind act well intended, but I could not bear it; my coffee remained untasted, my roll lay untouched upon my plate. The children, of course, partook of my emotion, and we wept together."

And now, if we follow the journal of this distressed widower, we shall have before us an exact picture of human nature in its frequent manifestations.

'June 7th. It is now a month since dear Lizzie left me. I begin to regain my composure, but I am terribly oppressed with a sense of loneliness. A thousand objects of interest upon which she daily looked, tend to keep her continually in my thoughts. There is her writing-desk; the unfinished manuscripts lie upon the table; a note addressed to a friend, but owing to some circumstance never sent to her; an unfinished piece of fancy work kept for a stray hour's amusement; her books, her pictures—indeed, everywhere the mute objects which her eyes or fingers rested upon. And where is she now? comes to me with appalling force. Shall we meet again?

"July 9th. It is recommended by friends that I shall surrender housekeeping. Mrs. Agnew, my housekeeper, is constantly troubled with her servants, the children have grown very restless under her management, and Arthur refuses to obey her at all. It is thought I had better send the children to some good boarding school, and find some home for myself where I shall be subject to less perplexity, and sooner regain my former cheerfulness.

"July 20. The decision is made, and I have been gathering all the relics of dear Lizzie's handiwork for her daughter Grace to preserve as a precious legacy. The dear children are at a well recommended school, and I take lodgings to-morrow in a public house. It is thought I shall be more in society in such a place, and wear off the effects of my great loss. But the idea of quitting a home where I have enjoyed the most exquisite pleasures, where a holy charm seems to pervade the apartments through which she often glided and adorned, is indeed painful.

"Aug. 8th. I do not exactly enjoy this bustling whirl in which I live. I sometimes picture to myself a re-gathered family, where we can again garner up our wasted hopes, and sit by our cheerful fireside. If there were another Lizzie in this wide world who could but supply the place of her who was gone—but what have I said? It is—it is scarcely five months since she left me, and I have every week since watered her grave with my tears.

"Sept 20th. Have not visited my dear wife's grave for three weeks. At first I had a misgiving, as if she were conscious of the neglect; but it is only the material form which is entombed—her gentle spirit would gladly spare me from all unnatural grief. How much the children need a home and a mother's care!

"Oct. 17. When I was first introduced to Amelia Blond, she at once reminded me of my dear wife. True, she is a mere girl compared with her—some fifteen years younger—but still all the graces of womanhood are fully developed. If—heavens! I blush to enter it upon my journal! How Mrs. Agnew, my old housekeeper, would glory in the fulfilment of her prophecy made in my deepest bereavement. 'Mr. Herbert,' said she, 'your feelings will be materially changed in a few months, and in less than a year I predict your marriage! Such violent grief never survives more than one season.' I could have turned her from my threshold for such an intimation; but, alas! how little we know ourselves! Lizzie, your image is still enshrined in my heart; but must I go weeping through the remainder of my journey because you were taken from my side.

"Nov. 4th. Since my last entry in my journal, I have taken a great step. The proposal to marry Amelia was accepted, and I find myself in a new world; the old, restless, disconsolate feeling I have endured seems leaving me. My weed is horribly rusty upon my hat, and outward marks of mourning is superfluous. I have thought I would not use any more crape surroundings. I must express my feelings to my dear friend to whom I so recently communicated my deep sorrow, well assured, however, that she will reply, 'Henry, I tremble for you.'"

And let us hear the confession thus confidentially made by him. It belongs to our humanity, that the sunshine should succeed the storm, as much in the human as the material universe.

"MY DEAR ANNA:—As you have been the faithful depository of my sorrows, it is but justice due to you to be made acquainted with my joys. Know, then, my good friend; that having been crushed by the weight of sorrow, and feeling the desolation of a heart that turns to another for support, I met, by the merest accident, a lovely girl, who so strikingly reminded me of my early love, that I sought an introduction to her. She was stopping here with her father for a few days. She is well connected; her father is connected with a bank in Western New York. I have been there, made my proposals, and have been accepted. Thus, dear, Anna, you are made acquainted with this new feature in my history. Do not ask me if I am demented; far from it. Amelia Blond is just about twenty years of age, lively, fascinating, perfectly charming in conversation; the idol in her home, being eldest child; handsome, sweet-tempered, and just such a being as would make Grace and Arthur one of the most accomplished of companions, and the best of mothers. The children are delighted with the prospect. Do not chide my prompt action; life is so brief we must gather all the sunshine we can between its parted clouds.

Yours, truly, H. H."

And thus the "dear Anna" playfully replied:

"Have I not the evidence before me, Henry, that you are a genuine widower? Inconsolable the first month of your bereavement; much relieved in the second; quite convalescent the third; beginning to look round you the fourth; find a lovely piece of human perfection the fifth; engage to marry the sixth; live on the ecstatic prospect the seventh, and enter upon the glorious realization the eighth. Were you the first of your species who has acted over the drama, I could joke you, or chide you, or gravely caution you. But I always fear for those devoted husbands with overpowering griefs at the loss of their earthly idols. At the present period of your ecstacy I shall therefore intrude no remonstrances, for I am well assured you are in a dreamy state of bliss that nothing but the reality will equalize. Let me, therefore, wish you as much enjoyment as you anticipate: and to ask more would be superfluous.

Truly. ANNA."

On the first of January, seven months from the death of his idolized wife, Henry Herbert and Amelia Blond were united in marriage. The new home was attractive. Grace and Arthur were delighted with their new mother; the father did not think her a day too young for his wife, and the smile-lighted expression which irradiated his features, bespoke the perfect satisfaction which pervaded his inner being. When we took leave of Mr. Herbert, he seemed fully persuaded that it was a wise dispensation which removed his first idol. And although her memory was still fragrant, yet he presented a living memorial that the crushed affections may be reawakened, and that no heart, however desolate, if it beats beneath a manly bosom, but may repair its loss. And too often the truth is self evident, the newly repaired affections seem to flow out more spontaneously, and with deeper fervor than did the old; for as an ancient writer quaintly remarks, 'the old heart, rejuvenated by the fires of a new passion, becomes juvenile in its exhibitions of tenderness."

YOUNG Mr. French made his appearance in Stanstead, Canada, half a year ago, and took board in the village tavern. He seemed to have no business, and devoted considerable of his time to courting Miss La Pete, much to the displeasure of her parents, who finally forbade him to see her. One day French informed Mr. La Pete that he had made up his mind to go away, and asked for a horse and wagon with which to get to the station, ten miles distant. La Pete was delighted by the proposed departure, and readily lent the horse and wagon, which were to be sent back by a boy. Mr. and Mrs. La Pete waved French a joyful adieu as he drove off, and were glad that Miss La Pete was not there to show regret. They afterward learned that she was curled up under the wagon seat, thus eloping under their very noses.

Blondin is walking the tight rope at the Aquarium in London.

THE VIOLET.

BY GOETHE.

Lonely and sweet a violet grew
The meadow weed among.
One morn a rosy shepherd maid,
With careless heart and idle tread,
Came by,
Came by
The meadow lands and sung.

"Ah," said the violet, "would I were
Some stately garden flower!
That I might gathered be and pressed
One little hour to her fond breast.
Ah, me!
Ah, me!
Only one little hour?"

On came the rosy shepherd lass,
With heart that idly beat,
And crushed the violet in the grass.
It only said, "How sweet!
How sweet!" it said, with fainting moan,
"If I must die, to die alone
For her
For her—
To die at her dear feet."

The Missing Deed.

BY S. C. L.

THREE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.—Lost, a parchment document, being an Indenture of Mortgage, dated the 17th day of February 1845, made between Henry Fortesa of the first part, Ralph Howard and Fred. Pollock of the second part, William Henry Austin and Emily Austin his wife of the third part, and Thomas Burt and Sidney Forrest Dysart or the fourth part. Whoever shall bring the same to the office of Messrs Sharpe & Floyd, Solicitors, of No. 99 Bedford row, shall receive the above reward."

"No, Mr. Morpeth; I am sorry to say, no news whatever."

The speaker was Mr. Sharpe, the senior partner of the firm of Sharpe & Floyd whose advertisement, as above, had appeared at intervals in all the leading newspapers during nearly six months prior to the date of our story. Mr. Sharpe was seated in his special sanctum. On the opposite side of the table sat a middle aged gentleman, whose look of eager anxiety and nervous haste was in striking contrast to the placid self-possession of his solicitor. Mr. Morpeth's impatience scarcely gave him time even to remove his hat or gloves before he broke out with the anxious question, "Well, Mr. Sharpe, any news of the missing deed?" and received the reply above quoted.

"But, good Heavens! my dear sir, in another fortnight the cause comes on for hearing! What on earth is to be done?"

"It will be uphill work, I grant; but as our leader, Mr. Brass, told you in consultation last week, the case is by no means hopeless. The deed being lost, and no copy in existence, parole evidence will be admissible. The difficulty is (and it is no use mincing the matter), the evidence in question will be exclusively that of interested parties; and, considering the very large amount that is at stake, that is a point the other side will naturally make the most of."

"No doubt they will; that is just what drives me frantic; and you talk of it as if you were discussing the telephone or the last new planet. I know, and you know, that my cause is just and right. To think that I and my poor dear wife, the very soul of honor, should have to stand up in the witness-box, and be insulted with insinuations that we are swearing falsely for the sake of a few thousands. "I really believe it will almost kill my wife. I tell you what, Mr. Sharpe, at any rate we will make one more effort. Put in the advertisement again—every day until the trial comes off; and make the reward five hundred pounds."

Mr. Sharpe shrugged his shoulders.

"It won't make any difference, you may rest assured; but as the reward is not likely to be claimed, it doesn't matter much whether you offer three hundred or five."

He touched the bell and took up the *Times*, which lay open upon the table. A smart young fellow entered in answer to his summons, and he continued, handing him the paper.

"Here, Halliday, copy out this advertisement again, but making the reward *five* hundred pounds instead of three; and then take it round to the advertising agent, and ask him to insert it in all the dailies for the next fortnight. We'll try the experiment, at any rate, Mr. Morpeth; but I'm afraid I can't encourage you to hope much from the result."

Tom Halliday was copying-clerk and messenger in the office of Messrs Sharpe & Floyd. He was just two and-twenty, wrote a capital hand, had a capital appetite, and earned eighteen shillings a week; which till lately had sufficed for his moderate needs. We say till lately; for, some few months previously, Tom had, in a rash moment, fallen in love. His sweetheart was the daughter of a worthy widow, who was caretaker, or "laundress," of a certain house in Chancery-lane, in which Sharpe & Floyd had formerly rented offices. Hence Tom's acquaintance with Mrs. Moyse and her daughter. Bessie Moyse worked as a milliner at a shop in Regent Street; and it was an understood thing that when Tom and she had saved up money enough to furnish two rooms, they were to be married. On Saturday afternoons the young people were in the habit of taking a long walk together, followed by tea at Chancery lane—a festive ceremony which was only marred by the presence of uncle Keckwidge, an aged relative who resided with Mrs. Moyse. It was a family tradition that uncle Keckwidge had been rather a fascinating dog in his day; but he was now very infirm, not to say childish. He was very deaf, and, as a rule, understood little or nothing of what was going on around him; but every now and then caught one-half of a sentence, and invariably that half which the rest of the company would have preferred that he should not hear. He had further a trying habit of plunging irrelevantly into the conversation, following up some train of thought of his own, very often of an uncomfortably personal character.

The conversation which we have reported between Mr. Morpeth and his soliciter took place on a Saturday. Tom Halliday copied out the advertisement as directed, and duly left it with the agent. By the time he had done this it was three o'clock, and with a light heart he hung up his well worn office coat, gave his hat an extra polish, and then started off to a certain tree in the Regent's Park, where he found Bessie Moyse already awaiting him.

After some indescribable proceeding on the part of Tom, which caused Bessie to exclaim, "Well, I never, sir! And with so many people looking too!" they joined arm in arm, and proceeded to hear the band in the Zoological Gardens.

The main topic of conversation, not unnaturally, was Mr. Morpeth's advertisement; and the young people amused themselves by discussing hypothetically, what use *they* would make of the reward, supposing that they were lucky enough to find the missing deed. Various plans were suggested; but it was finally decided that Bessie should set up a tobacconist's and stationery business, in aid of Tom's legal studies.

After a somewhat lengthened stroll, the young couple made their way back to Chancery-lane; Tom purchasing a pint of shrimps on his way, as a contribution to Mrs. Moyse's refreshment arrangements. They found the table spread, a pot of home-made jam and a plate of watercresses shedding lustre on the festive board; the kettle boiling on the hob; and Mrs Moyse bustling about in the final preparations of tea making. Uncle Keckwidge sat in his accustomed place by the fire.

On Mrs. Moyse's first taking possession, some years before, of the housekeeper's apartments in Bedford-row, uncle Keckwidge had never looked with a very favorable eye on Tom Halladay, and had occasionally caused Bessie considerable embarrassment by uttering aloud private reflections to his prejudice. On the present occasion the first greetings were scarcely over, when uncle Keckwidge, who had been eyeing Tom over in a critical manner, remarked to himself, but quite audibly: "The idea of a girl like our Bess takin' up with such a pair o' trousers as that. Lor, I believe the women will have anything nowadays," a remark which caused Tom, though not naturally bashful, to tuck his legs hastily under his chair, and Bessie to look very hot and uncomfortable; Mrs Moyse making as much clatter as possible with the teacups, and endeavoring to make believe that nobody heard the observation; while uncle Keckwidge continued to munch his bread-and butter, in profound unconsciousness of having said anything at all offensive.

"You mustn't take any notice of uncle, Tom," whispered Bessie. "You know what he is. It's only his fun. He's always taking one off."

"He needn't take off my trousers, though," said Tom; and then, finding that he had (quite unintentionally) made a kind of joke, he tried hard to look as if he had said it on purpose.

"*Thomas!*" said Bessie, pretending to be dreadfully shocked. "Thomas, I am perfectly ashamed of you! It would serve you right not to let you have any shrimps."

"Forgive me this once," said Tom; "I'll never do so any more."

By way of changing the subject, Tom then began to tell Mrs Moyse how the great case of Davis v. Morpeth was expected to come off on Wednesday week, and how the most important title deed was mysteriously missing, and Mr. Morpeth had offered a reward of five hundred pounds to any one who would restore it.

Uncle Keckwidge brightened up suddenly at the word "reward."

"I know," he said, nodding his head sagely. "I see the bill myself, at the baker's round the corner. A tarrier-dog with one eye, answers to the name o' Bob Ten shillin' reward."

"No, no, uncle," said Bessie; "that's not the reward that we were talking about. Tom was telling us about a paper that was lost, and the gentleman offers a heap of money to get it back again. Five hundred golden pounds! Only think of that!"

Tom was beginning to get angry, but Bessie pacified him by squeezing his hand under the table, and whispering.

"Never mind, dear," replied Bessie; 'we don't take any notice of what he says, and you mustn't either. Have a little of mother's home made raspberry jam, and think no more about it. This is the first pot of last year's making, brought out expressly in honor of you."

"Thank you, ma'm, since you're so pressing, I don't mind if I do," said Tom, and proceeded to help himself. But scarcely had he taken the first mouthful, when he grew suddenly pale, his lower jaw dropped, and he remained gazing fixedly at the jam-pot, as if spell bound.

"Good gracious, Tom!" said Bessie; "whatever is the matter? Are you ill?"

"Don't say it's a blackbeetle," said Mrs. Moyse, peering anxiously into the jam pot But there was nothing there to cause Tom's emotion.

But Tom did not long continue in his momentary condition of bewilderment. He pulled out the rough draft of the advertisement, which was still in his pocket, and began to compare the names of the parties to the deed, as there mentioned, with the piece of parchment which had covered the jam-pot, and which now lay upside down upon the table.

"Ralph Howard and Frederick Pollock. Thomas Burt and Sidney Forest Dysart. William Henry Austin. Yes, the very names! Mrs. Moyse, I've found the missing deed, or at least a piece of it; and now, if we can trace the rest, our fortune's made!"

"You don't mean that dirty old piece of sheepskin that lay about here for ever so long, and that I took to cover my jam pots! Good gracious!"

"Mrs. Moyse, that dirty old piece of parchment is worth five hundred pounds! But where's the rest of it? For heaven's sake, don't say it's destroyed!"

"It's all cut up, at any rate" said Mrs. Moyse, flinging open her cupboard. "There is two dozen pots there, and they's each got a piece of it. That pot was the first we opened. And I rather think"—rummaging in the cupboard—"yes, here it is I—I rather think this is all the rest of it."

It was an anxious moment. The mutilated parchment was spread out, the pots uncovered, and the circular fragments restored, though with some difficulty, each to its proper place. At last the task was finished. A few of the *and whereases* and *provided alsos* where slightly sticky, but not the smallest part was missing.

Mrs. Moyse's possession of the deed was very easily accounted for. When Messrs Sharpe & Floyd had removed from Chancery lane, a quantity of old papers, which were regarded as out of date and useless, had been swept into a corner for the dustman. The deed in question had, by some accident got among them; and Mrs Moyse, observing that it was parchment, and being a careful housekeeper, picked it up and laid it aside for the purpose for which she afterwards used it.

These particulars were communicated to Tom while Bessie brushed his hat and generally got him ready (for excitement had made him quite helpless) to go off to Mr. Sharpe's private house at once to claim the reward. Everybody appeared to have a vague kind of impression that it was all a dream, and that they had better secure the reward before they woke up. With the deed carefully wrapped in paper and in the breast pocked of his closely-buttoned coat, Tom hurried to Mr. Sharpe's, told his story, and produced the deed, receiving the heartiest commendation for his intelligence and acuteness.

"Excuse me one moment," said Mr Morpeth; and leaving the room, he returned with a check, still wet, requesting Messrs Coutts & Co. to pay to Mr. Thomas Halliday or order the sum of *five hundred pounds*.

"And now, my friends," he said, "sit down and join us at dinner which you have so agreeably interrupted. For my own part, I feel more inclined to enjoy my dinner than I have for a twelvemonth past, though I'm afraid the soup has got cold. Sit down, Sharpe. Will you sit there, Mr. Halliday, and make yourself at home?"

Tom blushed and stammered. "I thank you kindly, sir; but, if you remember, I've partaken of tea and shrimps already, sir. And if you'll kindly excuse me, I think there's some one might feel hurt; I mean—the truth is—my young lady is waiting for me, and I feel so proud and happy with this piece of paper that I sha'n't believe it's real until I've shown it to Bessie, God bless her!"

"Amen, my lad; and if you or she need a friend, you shall find one in me."

"And in me too," said Mrs. Morpeth. "And tell your Bessie I shall come and make her acquaintance very soon."

Tom and Bessie were married a few months later, Mr. and Mrs Morpeth both insisting on being present at the ceremony. They had made a great pet of Bessie, and given substantial aid to the young couple in commencing housekeeping, quite apart from the five hundred pounds earned by Tom in connection with the missing deed. Uncle Keckwidge gave the bride away, and has gradually become quite reconciled to Tom.

After thirty-six years' absence in California Asa Howard returned to Taunton, Mass., and dug up two quart bottles of rum from a cellar where he had buried them forty-six years before. The bottles and their contents were in a perfect state of preservation.

Scientific and Useful.

CURE OF HOARSENESS.—Hoarseness can be removed temporarily by dissolving in the mouth a small piece of borax about the size of a green pea, or about three fourths of a grain and slowly swallowing it. It produces a profuse secretion of saliva and affords relief.

OLIVE OIL.—A celebrated oculist recommends, in all cases where dirt, lime, or sparks get into the eyes, that the sufferer have pure olive oil poured in until everything of a hurtful nature is removed. The remedy is quite painless, and never fails to remove all foreign substances.

PROTECTION FOR NOTES, ETC.—A German inventor has devised a bank note album with leaves of asbestos-paper, for the protection of notes, checks and valuable documents. By placing them between the asbestos leaves, especially if the book is firmly clasped, they may, it is said, be kept legible, even after exposure to a fire which reduces them to cinders.

VALUE OF SOAP.—A great point with a soapmaker is to sell as much water as he can. Competition, however, allows him only a fair profit on his soap. But still a wet soap is good for trade, as it is soft and soon used; housewives therefore will do well to remember that it is best to buy as much soap as they can at a time, cut it into blocks, and leave it in a dry place for a month before use.

LONGEVITY OF TREES.—From observations made on specimens still in existence, the longevity of various trees has been estimated to be, in round numbers, as follows: Distichous cypress, 6 0 0 years; baobab trees, 5 000; dragon tree, 5 000; yew, 3 000; cedar of Lebanon, 3 000; "great trees" of California, 3 000; chestnut, 3 000; olive, 2 500; oak, 1 500; orange, 1 500; oriental palm, 1 200; cabbage palm, 700; lime, 500; ash, 400; cocoanut palm, 300; pear, 300; apple, 200; Brazil wine palm, 150; Scotch fir, 100, and the balm of Gilead about 50 years.

COURT PLASTER.—Soak isinglass in a little warm water for seventy-four hours, then evaporate nearly all the water by gentle heat, dissolve the residue in a little proof spirits of wine, and strain the whole through a piece of open linen. The strained mass should be a stiff jelly when cool. Now stretch a piece of silk or sarcanet on a wooden frame, and fix it tight with tacks or packthread. Melt the jelly, and apply it to the silk thinly and evenly with a badger hair brush. A second coating must be applied when the first has dried. When both are dry, apply over the whole surface two or three coatings of balsam of Peru. Plaster thus made is said to be very pliable and never breaks.

THE SECRETION OF MILK.—Dr. Carpenter mentions an interesting fact relative to the cattle of South America. In Colombia the practice of milking cows was laid aside, owing to the great extent of the farms and other circumstances. In a few generations the natural structure of the parts and the natural state of the function had been restored; the secretion of milk taking place so long as the calf remains with the mother, and ceasing if it die or be removed. Hence confirmation of the belief previously entertained, that the continued production of milk of the European breeds of cows is a modified function in animal economy, originating in an artificial habit kept up through many generations.

Farm and Garden.

FARM FACTS.—If plenty of salt is given to milch cows butter will be obtained more easily than if salt is only fed occasionally. The ancient mode of making butter was by placing it in a goat skin and agitating it by the hand, or by treading it with the feet.

TO KEEP DOWN WORMS IN POTS.—To keep worms out of flower pots that are placed upon the ground, flatten down the soil and strew over it finely slaked lime to the thickness of about a quarter of an inch; over this again place half an inch of fine ashes, and on this bed place the pots.

GARDENING IN FRANCE.—Throughout France gardening is practically taught in the primary and elementary schools. There are at present 28 000 of these schools, each of which has a garden attached to it, and is under the care of a master capable of imparting a knowledge of the principles of horticulture.

COB MEAL.—If cobs are ground fine they are not so indigestible as is supposed. The finer they are ground the more valuable, and they should be ground as finely as possible. The results of various analyses prove that there is in corn cobs a considerable amount of fat producing and flesh forming constituents.

FOR HORSES AND COWS.—Feed your biggest feed at night. If you go into the stable late at night and the animals thrust their heads forward, give them something in the way of a handful of corn or of oats—corn is better—and they will think you are a friend. A sip of drink is good, and if they want only a sip do not be too hard on them, especially if, after you go back to the house, you want a sip of drink yourself.

THE COMPOST HEAP.—The thrifty farmer who is now turning every available material to account by adding it to his compost heap, must not forget that a most valuable addition can be made from the sweepings of the hen house floors. The manure from a small flock of twenty or thirty hens will alone nearly pay for their keep if it is well composted with muck. A tablespoonful of this put in each hill of potatoes at planting time will produce wonderful results.

OSIER WILLOW CULTURE.—While everybody is looking for some new and better paying crops, osier willow is coming to the front as a profitable crop under certain favorable circumstances. There are on almost every farm some low, wet places that could be planted in willow and produce more per acre than the corn ground and take but little labor. It sells for $15 to $20 a ton, green and unpeeled. The cuttings for planting can be procured of any large nursery.

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SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 5, 1879.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

LOOK on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine, and not the cloud, that makes a flower. There is always before or around us that which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them. Perhaps it is as well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill, where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can, from without and within him; and, above all, he should look on the bright side of things. What, though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run, the great balance rights itself. What is ill becomes well—what is wrong right. Men are not made to hang down either head or lips; and those who do, only show that they are departing from the path of true common sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom. Therefore, we repeat, look on the bright side of things. Cultivate all that is warm and genial—not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose.

THE inculcation of kindness to animals is one of the many things which, by the tenderness of their nature, women are eminently fitted to perform. We know that it has been said that women are much harder in their treatment of horses than are the most exacting of men; but we will put that down to their ignorance of the powers and treatment of the animals, rather than a want of feeling for them. At any rate, it seems a suitable thing that the members of what is commonly called the "gentler sex" should take a lively interest in promoting all that relates to the well being of the lower animals. A great deal of cruelty is undoubtedly the result of want of knowledge of the capacities of suffering possessed by animals, and of the desire for the display and exercise of power. Children and uneducated persons are the most cruel, probably, because they stand much on a level with regard to their knowledge. We can hardly imagine the state of mind of a grown up person, who, with deliberate knowledge of what he was doing, could inflict torture on an animal for no reason but his own pleasure. If he were not insane, he would approach as nearly as might be to the disposition which we term fiendish.

SANCTUM CHAT.

YOUNG people who expect to labor with their hands for what they may have of this world's goods, should by all means acquire habits of economy, learn to save. So surely as they do this, so surely will they be able to accumulate, so surely will they be in a situation to ask no special favors. Every man wants to learn to look out for himself, and to rely upon himself. Every man needs to feel that he is the peer of every other man, and he cannot do so if he is penniless. Money is power, and those who have it exert a wider influence than the destitute.

—

A RELIC of old times are the Dunkers, who settled in Pennsylvania 160 years ago, but they no longer hold their land in common, but divide it up like other people. Their language has become so completely a *patois* of Dutch, German and English as to be no longer intelligible to persons of those nationalities. They favor celibacy, but do not enforce it. Men, women and children labor hard and long in the fields. They rise and retire very early, and eat five times a day. They keep the original Sabbath day, and celebrate the Lord's Supper at night. At such celebrations they go through the form of washing each other's feet as an act of humiliation.

—

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL has declared that "if he were to pray for a taste which should stand under every variety of circumstance and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to him through life, it would be a taste for reading." Give a man, he affirms, that taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you cannot fail of making him good and happy; for you bring him in contact with the best society in all ages, with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest men who have adorned humanity, making him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all times, and giving him a practical proof that the world has been created for him, for his solace and for his enjoyment.

—

THE Philadelphia Society of Friends is taking active steps toward the formation of settlements in the West, so as to bring together isolated members who were gradually losing interest in the principles and customs of their sect. It is intended to form an association which shall purchase tracts of land and sell farms and lots to Friends, or those in sympathy with them; and also to aid persons whose means are limited, with help in the erection of dwellings and other necessary things in their settlements. The association will lay out roads and erect meeting houses and school-buildings. In all deeds a clause will be inserted prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

—

IT has always been a puzzle to the subjects of the Empress of Austria how she manages to preserve her youthful complexion notwithstanding her 42 years. A correspondent undertakes to explain the same phenomenon in the case of another woman. Speaking of the performance of Offenbach's new opera, "Madame Favarte," at Vienna, he says: "Madame Geistinger has had success in the chief role, which, indeed, was written for her. She has been more than thirty years on the stage. Madame Geistinger is supposed to retain her wonderfully youthful appearance by taking arsenic and by going to bed at night with a pad of raw chopped veal on each cheek! This would appear to be an excellent bulwark against the inroads of time, as report says that the same system is adopted in the palace."

—

A SPEAKER at the recent meeting of a Teachers' Association, said that the present system of examinations does not show what the pupil knows, nor does it demonstrate what the candidate knows who aspires to become a teacher. Two things, he added, are especially noticeable in popular school education. It usually leads to no interest in literature, nor acquaintance with it, nor to any sense of the value of history for modern men, and its most characteristic and general result is a distaste for manual labor. It is notorious that a pupil could go through a system or so called liberal course of study and graduate with honor at the highest institutions, in complete ignorance of that vast body of facts and principles which has arisen in modern times under the name of science, and the object of which is to explain the existing order of the world.

SOME of our contemporaries are depicting bright pictures of an increasing prosperity in all business circles, and the following is undoubtedly one of the most gratifying: "The factories are generally resuming, or making ready to resume work, and if the foreign market could be still more rapidly extended by intelligent legislation, their prospects would improve at a much more speedy pace. But it is all certain to come right in time. Even real estate, which is the last to rally, feels the effect of the reviving trade impulses, and improves its figures and pretentions together. We have reached a stage, in fact, at which further move is possible in but one direction. Everything must now go forward. The country is evidently about to enter on a career of prosperity whose splendors have hardly yet been imagined."

—

AN English paper speaking of London society, says it has entered upon the "era of pretty women." If a man chances to have a pretty wife, all doors are open to him—he can go anywhere, although, to be sure, he does not count for much when he does go. There are about half a dozen beauties now in London already to begin the season—married beauties, for bread-and-butter misses are no longer in fashion. The pretty married women are ever so much more piquant. The knowing people who want to form a set of acquaintances in the exclusive circle get these pretty ladies to their houses, and all the men soon follow. Of course stories get about—how can one help that? A pretty-woman mania in a community is sure to be attended with disadvantages of that kind. But who cares? not the pretty women apparently. Nor their husbands.

—

THE English papers say that one of the most remarkable facts in German university life is the extraordinary decrease for years past in the number of the students of theology. The decrease is so great that in several States there has been an insufficiency of candidates for the pulpit. Until now Schleswig-Holstein was an extensive nursery ground of theologians, but there also a falling off of nearly forty per cent. has recently occurred. At Kiel there are at present twenty-four, at other German universities twenty-eight students of theology, Schleswig-Holsteiners origin—altogether fifty-two. Six years ago there was still ninety of them, while fifty years ago there had been no less than 168 students of theology at Kiel alone, almost all of them being Schleswig-Holsteiners. It is to be feared that the progress of natural science and the deciphering of Assyrian clay tablets have wrought sad havoc in the German Theological Faculty.

—

IN a recent monograph on human hair by a French scientist, the author proceeds first to point out the difference which exists between hair in a healthy or diseased state of the body, and on the corpse; and then gives certain peculiarities by which we may be enabled to distinguish between human and animal hair; and finally shows what varieties are found in hair itself, in reference to its place of growth, and the age and sex of the individual. He then goes on to prove how very important a knowledge of all these facts may be in any case of supposed murder; for in this case hair found either on the instrument with which the crime has been committed, or on the clothes of the victim, may help to identify the murderer. The author afterward shows by what means it is possible to prove whether hair has been pulled out by violence, cut off, or whether it fell out spontaneously. One very interesting point advanced is the assertion that arsenic may exist and be traced in the hair of persons who have died from the effects of this poison. The truth of this theory, however, remains to be proved.

—

AN account of a Christmas dinner at the United States consulate at Bangkok, Siam, indicates how widely distributed are American preserved viands in distant lands. An American may go to the ends of the earth and yet subsist on the products of his own country. At the dinner in question, several thousands of miles away, in addition to turkey, chicken, and corned beef, were American mince and pumpkin pies, salmon, lobsters, mackerel and clams, with California potatoes, Philadelphia tomatoes, Schenectady asparagus, California peaches, Baltimore raspberries, New Jersey pears and Connecticut blackberries. It may seem remarkable to the average reader that all this American fish, flesh and fruit should be procurable at Bangkok, but he must remember that our edibles of almost every kind go in cans to every part of the world, the national enterprise in delicacies prepared for the table following, if not preceding the wandering American wherever he may stray.

—

THE character of international exhibitions has been so much modified that it is doubtful if the original conception is now very prominent. At Vienna, Philadelphia, and Paris there seems to have been more desire to make a conspicuous show of brilliant objects than to present prominently the results of invention. Fine arts, ceramics, and decorative art were brought to the front, and less attention paid to machinery and mechanics. Sales of diamonds, silverware, porcelain and lace have been made public, when but little is known as to the demand for mowers, reapers, sowers, steam engines, and pumps. It is suggested that the next United States exhibition adopt a new programme, which cannot be commenced too soon, by which practical industry shall be made attractive. This idea, coexistent with the birth of international exhibitions, has never been carried out, except to a limited extent, although admitted by all to be of great interest, and certain to be largely attractive. It should show the process of manufacture from the crude product till delivered as a finished article. Thus cotton in the boll, gin-carded and woven or spun, every process so arranged as to pass under the eye of the visitor, wool, glass, iron, wheat, corn, sugar, tobacco, all our own staple productions, would thus become familiar to millions of people now entirely ignorant of them. The information thus afforded to our own citizens would amply compensate for the extra room and time occupied. At the Centennial there was more interest shown in the manufacture of glass, silk and tobacco, than in paintings and statuary, and it will be much to our credit to make it one of the stipulations to foreign exhibitors that some of their processes shall be in working order.

—

THE land of Great Britain is nearly all in the hands of a few very wealthy landlords. In cities and towns it is common to let land on what are termed "building leases." All buildings erected on such land fall to the owner of the land on the close of the lease, without the payment of a single penny. What is more, the houses must be left in tenantable repair, and the landlord can compel them to be put into such repair; yet they have never cost him a penny. The termination of such leases often increases a man's wealth by many millions in a single year. In some other respects; English laws and customs seem exceedingly liberal. In all public parks, the right of the people to walk about on the grass, very much at will, is most jealously maintained. Certain parts may be fenced off, and the margins may be fenced in for flowers, but still far the greater of it is always entirely open and free. Notices to "keep off the grass" are very rare indeed. The right of way through private estates is also carried to a very extreme point of liberality to the people. No one can close up against the public the merest trace of a path where there has heretofore been any right of way, even in custom alone. A nobleman must submit to see people passing at will through his favorite park, if they only keep reasonably near whatever trace of a path there may be, and, what is more, he must keep up either a gate or a stile at each end for their use. At public meetings the people use some remarkable liberties, though most of these look more like license than liberty. When a public meeting is held, though speakers are announced, every one present claims a right to address the meeting. They often use this privilege, too, and the only refuge of the rest is to hoot down any one whom they do not wish to hear. The opposite party often assembles in force, moves an opposite resolution, and often changes the whole character of the meeting. What would Americans think if Republicans came in force to a Democratic meeting, insisted on having their own speakers heard, took part in the voting on resolutions, and perhaps even carried motions in favor of Republican principles. That is what is done in England.

BABY TALK.

BY BLANCHE M. CHANNING.

My baby boy sat on the floor,
His big blue eyes were full of wonder,
For he had never seen before
That baby in the mirror door—
What kept the two, so near, asunder?

He leaned toward that golden head,
The mirror-border framed within,
Until twin cheeks, like roses red,
Lay side by side, then softly said—
"I can't get out; can you—come in?

Beneath the Sea.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A DEADLY STRUGGLE.

IN an instant Dutch sprang upon the man who had fallen through, held his knife at his throat, and hissed:

"If you stir, you're a dead man. Stand ready to strike down the next man who comesthrough,' he added to his friends

"Who's a-going to stir?" said a surly voice. "I'm too beat out. There, you need not be skeared; no one else won't come down that way."

"Oakum!" exclaimed Dutch, taking his knee from the prostrate man's chest.

"I aint quite sure yet," said the old fellow. "It was me—what them warmint had left; but you've most squeezed out the little bit of breath as I had."

"My good fellow," exclaimed the captain, "I'm very glad you've escaped. Are you wounded?"

"I m blessed if I know, cap'n," growled the old fellow, rising and shaking himself. "I'm precious sore all over, and pumped out; but I can't feel any holes in my carkidge yet. How's every one here?"

"Unhurt, at present," was the reply.

"Got the ladies safe?"

"Yes."

"That's a blessing!" muttered the old fellow.

"But who has been killed?" whispered Dutch, in a low voice.

"Well, that's about what I was going to ask you, gentlemen," said Oakum. "Far as I can make out, there's the whole of the watch Bob Lennie—"

"Some one hit me on the nose, and tumbled me down the hatch, first go off," growled that worthy.

"That's good," said Sam. "Well, then, they've done for Dick Rolls, I know."

"No they aint." said the sailor, in an injured tone. "I got a chop on the head, and it's bleeding fine, and I bolted down here. Where's the good o'you going and telling such lies, Mr. Sam Oakum?"

"Well, third time never misses," muttered Sam. "What's come o' Mr. Jones?"

There was no reply here.

"He wouldn't jyne the mutineers, would he?" said Sam, after a pause.

"No," said the captain, sternly.

"Then it was him as they've cut down and chucked overboard."

"Where are the other men?" said the captain, after a horrified pause, caused by Sam Oakum's announcement.

"Them as aint in the swim is down in the facksle," said Sam, gruffly, "with all the chain cable piled atop on 'em, I expect; but it seemed to me as if the deck was swarming in the dark with fellows all a trying to let daylight into your ribs."

The silence on the deck now seemed ominous to those who were listening intently for some warning of the enemy coming down; but the long, weary hours passed without any fresh alarm, and they all stood in that pitchy darkness and stifling heat, waiting for the danger that did not come.

"I m getting so anxious about my birds," said Mr. Wilson suddenly, from one corner of the cabin. "How shall I get to feed them?"

No one spoke for a moment or two, and then Sam Oakum exclaimed:

"You won't want no more birds; sir. You've agoing to be kep' in a cage yourself;" and the two sailors tittered to themselves, but no one else spoke.

"I say," exclaimed Oakum, all at once, "what's come o'the stooard and old Pollo?"

"I m here, Mr. Oakum, sir," said a weak voice; and then there was a low wailing noise.

"That's old fatty, sure enough," said Oakum; "and he's a crying. But what's come of Pollo?"

There was no answer to this, and Sam was heard to bring his hand down on his leg with a vigorous slap.

"I remember now," he exclaimed. "They brought him down on the deck when they went at me; but it was all knocked out of my head. Poor old Pollo! Poor old chap! I liked his honest old black physog somehow, if it wouldn't wash white. If he's killed," he muttered sternly, between his teeth, "some one's got to answer it afore long."

The hours dragged on, and then it seemed as if the darkness had suddenly grown less opaque; then one haggard face and then another could be dimly made out, and at last, as if with a rush, up came the sun, and the saloon was flooded with light reflected through the windows off the glorious dancing water; and the prisoners began to look from one to the other, and always at haggard, anxious faces.

Dutch, finding that all was still outside, walked softly to the little cabin, where Bessy Studwick and his wife had been placed for safety; and as the door was open, he could see that Hester was sleeping peacefully with her head resting on her friend's lap, while pale and anxious looking, Bessy held one of her hands, and sat up watchful as she had been all night.

Dutch stole in, and bending down kissed his wife's forehead tenderly, making her start slightly and utter a long sigh; but a happy smile came upon her lip directly, and the sunshine which flooded the little cabin lit up her thin, worn face, giving it so sweet and pure an air that Dutch groaned to himself as he thought of the past, and then stole away, but with a load taken from his breast, as he thought of the revelation he had heard from the doctor, and his heart leaped with joy as he thought of how in the future he would try to wipe away the misery he had inflicted upon the suffering woman.

He was brought back to the present, though, directly, by finding a kind of conference going on among his friends as to the future, and the proceedings they must take to defend themselves, and retake the ship.

The meagreness of the resources was now seen at a glance, for though a portion of the party was pretty well armed, the others were helpless.

The captain made a full inspection of his cabin, to find that nearly every weapon had been carefully removed; and to make matters worse, not an article used as a means of defense, saving some powder and cartridges, had been left behind.

At least, this was the first impression; but the doctor suddenly remarked that he had a stick in his cabin, and running in, he returned with it, and handed his keen long diver's knife to Oakum.

"You'd better keep it, sir," said the old fellow, contemptuously. "Them chaps has got heads and hearts too hard to be hurt with a bit of stick Oh, that's the game, is it? Well, I'll keep the knife, then."

This remark was made on seeing Mr. Meldon draw a long, keenly pointed, three-edged sword out of the stick, a weapon likely to prove fatal to any one upon whom it was used.

Unfortunately for the defenders of the cabin, they had but little with which they could make a barricade. There was the bedding, and a few chairs; but even if these were piled up, but little could be done, as Dutch pointed out to the captain in a low voice.

"I am no judge of fortifications," he said, with a bitter smile; "but look up"

The captain glanced at the skylight, and stamped with vexation.

"We have only one or two pistols, Captain Studwick, and the enemy have only to place three or four there to fire down upon us, and we are done for."

"Would you give up, then, Pugh?" said the captain.

"Not so long as I can strike a blow," was the reply; and the same spirit seemed to nerve all present.

There was not much time left them for consideration, for it was evident that full preparations were going on above. Voices were heard talking and orders being given; but the men kept away from the broken skylight, and the suspense grew more intense.

It was during this interval that Mr. Meldon went to the inner cabin, where, weak and feverish, John Studwick now lay, watched over by his sister and Hester Pugh, who seemed to have awakened to a new life as she exchanged glances once more with her husband, the trials they were now in seeming as nothing compared to the horrors of the past.

As the doctor approached, the young man turned to him impatiently.

"Well, he said, "have you come to make me strong, so that I can fight these scoundrels with you?"

"I wish I could," was the quiet reply.

"Bah! Doctor's talk," said John Studwick, bitterly. "You know you can do me no good. Why do you poster me?"

"Don't speak to me like that," he replied. "I have tried my best to help you."

"Yes, yes, I know. But there, go. You worry me by staying, and this heat makes me so weak."

"Yes, I will go directly," said the doctor, but he first went to the cabin window, secured a piece of string to a cloth, and lowered it down, soaking it, and drew it up.

As he did so a good-sized shark turned over and made a snap at the white, moving cloth, and the doctor shuddered, for it seemed to him that any attempt to escape from the ship to the shore would be in vain; for, as if in anticipation of coming carnage, the sharks were gathered round the doomed ship.

"Lay that upon his forehead, Mrs. Pugh," he said quietly; and, as she turned to the locker upon which the young man lay, Mr. Meldon hastily caught Bessy's hand in his, and held it.

"I shall fight for you to the last," he said, in a low whisper. "Do not think ill of me for speaking now; but, Bessy, I love you—very dearly, and—and we may never meet again. Say one kind word to me before I go."

She snatched her hand from him hastily, and looked upon him in a scared manner; for just then her brother rose, saying—

"I cannot fight, but I can load for you;" and pale as a ghost, but quite calm, he leant upon his sister's arm; while she looked quite pale and calm, like the sea of a still morning before the sun rise.

"There's something to fight for there," said Rasp in Sam's ear

"Why didn't they all stop at home?" he growled. "Just look what a mess they've got themselves in through being aboard ship, which is the last place as they should be in."

"Oh! dear," groaned the steward.

"Don't stand groaning there, sir," cried the captain; "here, quick, go and get what powder there is from my cabin. Now, gentlemen, let's do what we can here."

They went on piling up hammocks and bedding to keep the mutineers off, and to have something to fight behind. Sam Oakum was doing all he could, after thrusting a good charge of powder and a whole handful of small shot into his pistol, when Dutch beckoned to him and whispered: "Go and see why he don't come back; it's time to be on the alert, for they are moving on deck."

Oakum stepped lightly off—his feet being bare, making no noise on the planks—when coming upon the steward quickly, he saw him just putting down a water can, and he turned round, looking pale as a sheet, as he said: "It's no use, my lad; resistance would be vain, for they've contrived to wet what powder we had. Look at it."

He pointed to the little keg and a small case of cartriges, and sure enough they were all dripping wet, while it seemed rather surprising that the wetting looked so fresh. But he did not say so, only that Mr. Pugh hoped he'd make haste.

"Curse Mr. Pugh!" he muttered; and then he went on first, and Oakum followed with his cheeks blown out, as if he was going to whistle, but he made no sound in the least.

"I fear that we must give up, gentlemen," he said, "for the powder is all wet."

"Who talks of giving up?" cried John Studwick, his pale face flushing as he spoke, and holding one hand to his side. "Do you call yourself men to hint at such a thing? I am no man now, only a broken, wasted shadow of a man or, by the God who made me, I'd strike you down! Look at these women, men! think of their fate if those scoundrels get the upper hand—completely—Mr. Meldon—you—as a gentleman—my sister—God help—"

The poor young fellow staggered, and would have fallen, for the blood was trickling down upon his shirt front—gushing from his lips; but Mr. Meldon saved him, springing forward as a cry burst from Bessy; and he was laid upon a mattress in one of the cabins fainting—dying, it seemed.

Then there was a murmur of such a nature that the steward found that he must make some show of a fight, or it would be done without him; and, accordingly, he took hold of a blunt cutlass, looking pale, but making believe tuck to the wristband of his shirt, to have free play for killing six or seven of the mutineers.

"Look here," whispered Oakum to Rasp, "had we been well armed—numbers being about equal—I don't think we should have had much the worst of it."

Sam had a pretty good jack knife; and not having much faith in the pistol, he was about to trust to the bit of steel, the same as Rolls, who had one with a spring back and a good seven inch blade, so he turned to Mr. Meldon:

"P'r'aps you'd like the pistol, sir."

The doctor took it quietly and earnestly, tapping the back, to make sure that the powder was up to the nipple.

"That's in the right hands, anyhow," muttered Sam.

"Are you ready?" cried the skipper. For they were evidently collecting up above, and some one fired a pistol down the skylight, but no one was hit.

"Not quite, sir," said Oakum. "Steward, suppose you hand out some of them knives o'yours; and I'll trouble you for the big beef carver, as I spoke first."

Dutch turned round and smiled at him; and Sam gave him a nod, turned up his sleeve, and then laid hold of the big carver, which did not make such a bad weapon, being new, sharp pointed, and stiff.

"Pile more mattresses and hammocks up," said Dutch. Then the doctor gave one look towards where John Studwick's was lying, and ran across, as if to see how he was, but he hurriedly caught hold of Miss Studwick's hand, and while he spoke, as she drew her hand hastily away, she gave a strange, frightened look at him.

What she would have said was checked by a sharp cry from the captain.

"Quick, all!" he shouted; "they are coming."

The doctor rushed back into the little saloon, and he was only just in time; for the door had been quietly unfastened from without, and, headed by Laure, armed to the teeth, the enemy, to the number of eight, suddenly appeared, and the two sides stood face to face.

"There, throw down those knives," he said, in a sharp voice, "fools and idiots! The tables are turned now. Parkley, Pugh, you little thought that my day would come, but it has. Come, surrender!"

There was no reply by words; and the Cuban read the intention of those he sought to master by their determined front.

"Do you want to be shot down where you stand?" he cried

"Better that than trust to the mercies of such a scoundrel as you," cried Dutch, passionately.

"Ah, my brave diver and shark slayer, are you there? Put down that weapon, I don't want you hurt; nor you neither, master Rasp, for you have to work for me." There was no reply for a moment or two, and then Dutch spoke to the men who were with the Cuban.

"I warn you all," he said; but as he spoke he could see that he was addressing men who were infuriated with drink. "I warn you all that we are desperate, and shall fight to the last. Come over to our side, and help to secure that scoundrel, and you all shall be richly awarded. Fight for him, and if you escape now, the law must overtake you for piracy, and you will be hung."

There was a loud laugh at this, and the captain whispered:

"Shall we make a bold charge?"

"No, stand firm," said Dutch; and the little poorly armed party closed up more determinedly.

"What does that mean?" thought Dutch, as, at a word from the Cuban, three of the men ran back up the cabin steps.

His answer came almost directly.

"Will you surrender?" cried Laure, savagely.

"No," was the reply.

"Then your blood be upon your own heads," he yelled.

"Fire!"

He raised his own revolver as he spoke, and began to fire shot after shot at those before him; while at the same moment three shots came crashing from behind them through the skylight.

Then, headed by the Cuban, the enemy dashed into the cabin, striking right and left with the cutlasses with which they were armed, and for a few minutes there was a terrible struggle, in which for the time, though weakened by two of their men going down by the first shots, and others being wounded, the cabin party held their own, every one fighting manfully; but the three men who had been sent to fire through the skylight came shouting down to reinforce their comrades, and thus turned the scale.

The captain went down with a terrible cut across the forehead; Mr. Parkley had a bullet through the shoulder. The doctor drove his sword through one of the scoundrels, and then it broke short off, while another stabbed him in the back.

Laure turned then upon Sam Oakum, but he was too quick for him; and, as the old sailor jumped aside, the Cuban's cutlass hit the bulkhead, and broke short off.

It would have gone hard with Laure then, for the knife the old fellow had was sharp, and his blood was up; but they were separated, and two of the piratical scoundrels attached him giving Oakum all the work he could do to keep them at a distance.

He was as active, though, as a younger man, and chopping one of them across the hand, he sent him off, cursing his ill luck. With Sam's next blow, the next fellow was struck heavily in the chest, and went down like a stone; but to Oakum's great surprise, he found that he had only struck the man with the buckhorn handle, the blade having fallen out.

There was no time to choose who should be the next enemy in the general melee, and though Oakum and Rasp both fought hard, they were driven here and there, the planks becoming slippery with blood, and men wounded or stunned lying about to trip the other up.

As for Dutch, he singled out Laure, and made a desperate attack upon him with his long, keen knife, the shot the Cuban fired at him merely grazed his neck; but directly after they were separated in the struggle, as the furious knot of combatants swayed to and fro. But he rid himself of another antagonist, and seizing the cutlass with which he was armed, again made at the Cuban.

As he approached, Laure raised his revolver once more, took steady aim, and was about to fire; but, regardless of this, Dutch struggled to get at him when Hester with a wild shriek threw him off his guard. Poor Hester had been a horrified witness of the struggle, and had seen Laure's deadly aim. Till that moment her lips had been sealed, but now the involuntary cry escaped her, and as Dutch turned, the shot struck him on the shoulder, fortunately only ploughing a shallow flesh-wound; but the next moment a blow from another hand struck him down, and the rest being mastered, the men, by Laure's orders, dragged out two injured comrades, and securing the weapons, left the cabin and secured the door.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

RENEGADES.

WHEN Dutch recovered his senses, it was to find his head resting in his wife's lap, and the doctor busily engaged in bandaging his wounds; and as the misty sense of wonder passed off, a feeling of thankfulness came upon him, he pressed the little small hand that held his, for his great horror had been lest Hester should have fallen into Laure's hands. The joy he felt was heightened, too, by seeing Bessy Studwick there as well, busily attending her father, and then going from one to the other, carrying water, for the heat was terrible, and the wounds caused a thirst that was almost maddening. But, painful as they were, not one man had received mortal injury; and the doctor's words were more healing even than his bandages.

When Sam came to again, his head was aching terribly, and he found himself lying upon the deck, with Bob Lennie dabbing his forehead with a wet swab. Close beside him was Rasp, and the sight of him alive did him so much good that he jumped up into a sitting position, and gave his hand a good shake. But it was for all the world like having boiling lead poured from one side to the other of his head; and he was glad to leap against the bulkhead again.

There were half a dozen of the crew keeping watch, while Rasp whispered that six bodies had been thrust out of port. As to the rest, the captain's seemed the worst wound; but he, poor fellow, was sitting up, pale and anxious, with his handkerchief tied round his head.

Some hours passed, and then the cabin door was opened, and food and water carried in by three of the men; and then, with Laure fully armed behind him, came Pollo, who, with swab and pail, was ordered to remove the blood that literally besprinkled the cabin floor.

His lips parted to speak as he was at work where Oakum sat up with bandaged head, contently chewing his tobacco; but a significant motion of the Cuban's hands made him turn hastily away.

This did not close Oakum's lips, though; for he said, quietly:

"Glad to see they aint polished you off, Pollo, old man."

The black did not answer, and the Cuban came round, looking curiously at his prisoners' injuries; and scanning one after the other, ending by ordering the cabin skylight to be taken off.

"I don't want to stifle you all," he said, quietly. "Now, listen and remember. We are all well armed on deck, and a careful watch will be kept; consequently any man who attempts violence will be shot down. I shall treat you all well, and you can have the run of this part of the ship for the present. To morrow we sail for a fresh sunken galleon, gentlemen. I am much obliged to you for cleaning this one out, and I shall require your service for the next."

"For cleaning this one out." The words roused an echo in Dutch's breast, as now, for the first time, he recalled his discovery of the gold, and, in spite of the pain he was in, his heart throbbed with joy. The Cuban knew nothing of the gold, which must be worth more, he calculated, than the silver, and this was a secret confined to his own breast.

The Cuban's plans were plain enough to them now. His object was to force them to work at the recovery of more treasures, and then, perhaps, make sure of what he had by killing them all afterwards; and Dutch made a mental vow that not a single descent would he make to further the villian's aim, but as he did so he shuddered at the thought of what a powerful engine he could bring to bear by means of Hester, who was likewise in the Cuban's power.

As this thought struck Dutch his purpose wavered, and he felt that he would be the Cuban's slave to save Hester from ill.

It was a sad night and a bitter, for as soon as darkness came down, the poor women, who had held up so well all day, broke down, and you could hear their smothered sobbing and wailing, till it went through the listeners like a knife.

"Only a bit of a cut, sir," said Sam to Mr. Meldon, who was going round and doing what he could in the dark. "I sha'n't hurt. See to Bob Lennie here. Tell you what it is, though, sir—you won't catch me at sea again in such a Noah's Ark as this here."

"Hush, my man," he said, "and try all you can to help."

"In course I will, sir," said Sam; and then, hearing a growl on his right, "That ain't Bob, sir; that's Dick. He's all right. Nobody can't hurt him, his blessed head's too thick."

Directly after the doctor felt his way to the sailor, and tied up his wounded head.

By degrees, first one and then another of the miserable party roused up with a sigh, and then sat staring about in a most hopeless way; all but Mr. Meldon, who went round to those who had been wounded, saying a cheering word or two, as well as seeing to their bandages; but it was quite by force that he had to do the captain's, for his wound had made him light-headed, and he took it into his poor cloudy brain that Mr. Meldon was Sam, and wanted to make an end of him.

The prisoners soon began whispering together and wondering what was to be done next, for they seemed to be busy on deck, and of course they were all very anxious to know; but when Sam Oakum got a tub on one of the tables, and then hauled himself up, to have a look from the skylight, he came down again, rubbing his knuckles and swearing, for one of the watch had given him a tap with a marlinspike; and after that, of course no one tried to look out.

Every one expected that Laure's men would have taken advantage of having their own way to have a turn at the spirits. But no; they certainly got some up, but Laure seemed driving them all with a tightish hand, so that they were going on very quietly and regularly, for by and by they served out biscuit and butter and fresh water again; and not very long after, Laure sang out down the hatchway for Sam to come up; and, knowing that if he didn't go he'd send and fetch him, Sam went up, and sat down on the deck, where he pointed to him with a pistol. Then he ordered up the two sailors, and they were sent forward as prisoners in the forecastle.

The greater part of the crew sided now with Laure. Six of the men had been in his pay from the first, and it was his restlessness that made him hasten his plans to their development, for he had had hard work to keep them quiet; but now that the change in the authority had taken place he ruled them with a rod of iron, and there was not a man who did not shrink from his look, and obey him like a child. The color with which he had stained himself remained still, but it was no longer the cringing mulatto who paced the deck, but the keen, clever Cuban, ever watchful, ever on his guard, and ready to take every precaution to secure the treasure he had won; and over this, night and day, he had an armed sentry, as if suspicious of any attempt on the part of his prisoners to rob him of it by throwing any portion of it overboard.

Instead of setting sail at once, he altered his mind, and nearly a month glided by—a month of misery to the prisoners, who, however, were well cared for, and made to parade the deck for a couple of hours every evening just as an owner might exercise the beast he kept; and Dutch knew well enough why this was done, so that he and his companions in misfortune might be ready and strong to continue their work at their tyrant's order; but, all the same, there was one source of satisfaction to Dutch Pugh, for he saw how cumbered the Cuban was with his success, and in his greed for wealth at present there was a respite from his insolent advances towards Hester, who was allowed to stay unmolested with her friends.

Meanwhile the troublesome and painful wounds of those injured healed fast under the doctor's care; and he was called upon too to dress the cuts of three of Laure's men, who, however, in spite of the desperate resistance, had, saving one who died two days afterwards, escaped with trifling injuries.

The question of retaking the ship had often been mooted; but unless some special opportunity occured, this at present was out of the question; but many a plan was proposed and canvassed in the saloon during those dark, hot nights, the captain giving it out as his idea that the best thing to do would be to take to the boat some night, and get away, after laying the wires at the battery in connection with the dynamite cartridges, and blowing the ship and those within it to perdition.

Dutch shuddered as he heard the proposal, one which he scouted as being as cowardly as it was horrible; but there was one thought which made him embrace even such a terrible plan as that.

The prisoners had been aware that something was afloat on deck, but what they could not make out, and any attempt at information was in vain; for when they saw Pollo, who brought them their meals, which, thanks to him, were good and plain table, Laure was always watching, and, to make matters worse, it was very evident that the black was currying favor with the Cuban, and belonging now to the opposite faction.

At last, after vainly planning and giving up each plot as futile, the prisoners sat about in the cabins or wearily gazed out of the windows one morning, waiting for change. The wounds were healing fast, and gave but little trouble, and Hester, in spite of the close imprisonment, had changed rapidly for the better, joining with Bessy in ministering to those who suffered with them, and making more than one eye bright, as their owners made a vow that no harm should befal them while they had a hand to raise. Dutch had long known now how causeless had been his jealousy, and how bitterly his young wife had been persecuted; while she had bore all in silence lest, as so important a stake was in question, she might offend the Cuban, and so injure not merely her husband's prospects, but those of Mr. Parkley, to whom they were indebted so much.

All was very quiet below, and one day had so strongly resembled another that the prisoners watched them pass in a way that grew more and more hopeless, when they were startled by the loud rattle of the heavy chain with which their door of late had been secured, and, followed by four of the partners in iniquity, Laure presented himself, gave a sharp look round, and then in a hard, commanding tone exclaimed:

"Every man on deck!"

No opposition was made to his orders for the moment, and the captain, Mr. Parkley, Meldon, and Wilson went on deck, where they found Oakum, Rasp, and the sailors; but Dutch drew back as he saw Laure's eyes turned upon Hester and her companion.

"Have him on deck," exclaimed the Cuban, with flashing eyes; and Dutch was seized and dragged to the doorway, Laure drawing a pistol and holding it to his head until he was on deck.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOW FRIENDS WERE FALSE.

"WHO is master now?" exclaimed Laure, brutally; and with tottering gait, John Studwick passed him; but there was a look in his eyes as he gazed at the Cuban that made his start uneasily, and then, with a contemptuous laugh, he turned it off, and followed him on deck.

Dutch heaved a sigh of relief as he saw that Laure stayed with them, and had them ranged along by the starboard bulwarks, and then addressed them.

"We sail from here directly," he said; "and as I don't want to be hard on men who have got to work for me, I am going to make you an offer, on which condition you can have your liberty on deck. I shall make the same offer to you all, though I suppose there will be some fools among you who will not take it. What I propose is, that such of you as like to swear you will make no attempt to escape or fight against me can go about, except at night, when you will be all locked up again; but you have to bear this in mind, that any one who runs from his promise will be shot like a dog, or pitched over to the sharks. Now, then, captain, will you help to navigate the ship?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Well, Mr Parkley, my disappointed speculator, what do you say?"

"I have nothing to say to such a scoundrel," replied Mr. Parkley.

"You will stop on deck, doctor?"

"I shall stay with my friends, sir."

"So shall I," said Mr. Wilson, stoutly.

"As you like. I needn't ask you, I suppose, my clever diver; but you had better stay, and get strong," said Laure, with a sneering laugh. "You will have plenty to do by and by."

Dutch made no reply but looked defiance.

"Just as you like," said the Cuban, grimly. "Now, you two sailors, stop and help the ship, and you shall have four times the pay that these fools were going to give you. I'll give you a heap of ingots apiece."

Lennie and Rolls were evidently tempted, but they looked at Sam Oakum, who was cutting off a piece of tobacco in the most nonchalant way.

"Well, why don't you speak?" cried Laure, sharply.

"'Cause we're agoing to do same as him," growled Rolls, nodding at Oakum.

"And what are you going to do, Sam Oakum?" cried Laure, who was getting wroth at his plan for reducing his prisoners being foiled. "Come, my man, I'll make it well worth your while to turn over on my side. The game's up with those you have served, and if you hold out you will be forced to work with a pistol at your head; but if you come over to me, and help me well to navigate the ship, and get the treasure from a couple more galleons, I'll make you a rich man for life."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Charles Dubin's reputation is not good in Westfield, Mass., because he has just returned from serving a term of nine years in prison and Mrs. White objected to his marrying her daughter Kitty, aged fourteen. The girl was devoid of prejudice, however, and eloped with him, but was recovered by her parents immediately after the marriage ceremony was performed. Kitty has since been kept under lock and key, and Dubin has made several raids to rescue her, going once with armed companions, and threatening to kill everybody in the house.

Wurtemberg, in Germany, is often visited by terrible hail storms. In some parts of the country whole districts seem to be exempted from the land tax on account of the damage caused by the hail. And these hail storms are apparently becoming more destructive. As regards liability to be visited it appears that pine woods enjoy comparative immunity, while beech woods and bare hillsides are particularly unfortunate. The parishes most frequently devastated lie on the outskirts of wooded hills, but it does not appear that clearance of a wood has any deleterious influence. The valleys of the Neckar and some other rivers are the least troubled by this annoyance.

The young Prince Louis Napoleon, who is on his way to Africa, will pay a pious pilgrimage to St. Helena.

A WONDERFUL RUNNER.

THE present interest in pedestrianism, manifested by the gathering of throngs of people to witness walking and running matches, was equally great in the early part of the century, but was then excited by the wonderful, and almost incredible performances of one man. This was Mensen Ernst, born in Norway in 1799. He was the son of a sea captain, and when still a boy, entered the English navy. Although his powers as a runner were displayed even in his boyhood, he had made three voyages to the East Indies, and had completed a three-years cruise before he made a public exhibition of them, which he first did by running a race in London when 19 years old. Though up to this time he had had no training and had even lacked a pedestrian's ordinary opportunities for muscular development, he was famed as a runner, and wonderful stories as to his extraordinary powers circulated among all branches of the service. At last a heavy sum of money was wagered that Mensen would run from London to Portsmouth, a distance of 73 miles, in less than ten hours. The feat was attempted and accomplished, the distance being covered by the young sailor in exactly nine hours. Shortly afterward he ran from London to Liverpool, a distance of 150 miles in 32 hours. Although thus successful as a runner, Mensen did not quit the sea until after having distinguished himself by bravery in the battle of Navarino, fought Oct. 20th, 1827. Soon after that date he became a professional runner, and, after winning a number of lesser matches, was induced to undertake the great feat of running from Paris to Moscow. He started from the Place Vendome at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of June 11, 1831, and entered the Kremlin at 10 o'clock A. M., of June 25, having accomplished the distance of 1,760 miles in 13 days and 18 hours.

This feat created a decided sensation throughout Europe, and the employment of Mensen as a courier extraordinary by kings and princes became a popular amusement in European courts. He ran from country to country, and from court to court, bearing messages of congratulation, condolence, or dispatches of greater importance, and whenever matched against the regular mounted couriers, easily succeeded in beating them. He always carried with him a map a compass, and as many biscuits and ounces of raspberry syrup, as there were to be days occupied on the journey. In winter he took with him a pair of long, slender Norwegian snow-shoes, and in traveling he always chose the most direct line, turning out neither for mountains nor rivers, but climbing the one, and swimming the other. He never walked, but invariably ran, keeping up a long, swinging lope. His only refreshment was one biscuit and an ounce of raspberry syrup per day, and two short rests of ten or fifteen minutes each in 24 hours. These rests he took while standing and leaning against a tree, or other object of support. At such times he covered his face with a handkerchief and slept; and after such a nap he would pursue his way apparently as refreshed as though he had slept for hours. He was very uneasy when compelled to be quiet, and could not sit still for half an hour without feeling a sense of suffocation. He was a very amiable man, a favorite with all who knew him, and was made much of by his royal patrons.

In 1836, while in the employ of the British India Company, Mensen was charged with the conveying of the dispatches from Calcutta to Constantinople through central Asia. The distance is 5 615 miles, which the messenger accomplished in 59 days; or in one third of the time made by the swiftest caravan. On this wonderful journey he made his way across terrible deserts, awful salt swamps, where, for hundreds of miles, he saw no living being, and through countries whose inhabitants were savage robbers, and who lived in a state of continual warfare. The man seemed invested with supernatural powers, and his fame spread far and wide.

One of the most interesting problems of the age being the discovery of the sources of the Nile, it was suggested that this wonderful man be employed to follow the course of the river to its sources, and thus determine them. Prince Muskau who had himself traveled extensively in Egypt and had made several unsuccessful attempts to penetrate to the head waters of the Nile, offered to defray all expenses and reward Mensen handsomely if he would undertake the trip. The indefatigable runner consented to make the attempt, and on May 11, 1843, set out from Muskau, in Silesia, whence he ran to Jerusalem, where he had some business to attend to. Thence he continued his way to Cairo and up the western bank of the Nile through Lower and Middle and into Upper Egypt. Here, just outside the village of Syane, he was seen on the morning of Jan. 22, 1843, to stop and rest, leaning against a palm tree, with his face covered by a handkerchief. He rested so long that some persons tried to wake him, but they tried in vain, for he was dead. He was buried at the foot of the tree, and it was years before his friends in Europe knew what fate had befallen him.

THE ACTIONS OF THE JUST.

BY IDA CRAIG.

I walk'd the fields at morning prime,
The grass was ripe for mowing;
The skylark sang his matin chime,
And all the world was glowing.

I wander'd forth at noon—alas!
On earth a material bosom
The sky-lark hid'st in the wit'ring grass,
And stretched the faded blossom

Once more, at eve, abroad I stray'd,
Through lonely hay fields musing;
While every breeze that round me play'd
The perfume was diffusing.

And so the "actions of the just,"
When memory has enshrined them,
Breathe onward from decay and dust,
And leave a scent behind them.

The Secret Tribunal.

BY H. C.

BRIGHTLY gleamed the lamps in the imperial palace at Vienna, shining in their long rows upon a scene of gaiety and gladness. To the light steps of a thousand feet, which moved along the marble halls, music sounded harmoniously, and the joyous strains came forth to the ears of those without, and rising, were borne far and wide by the eveningbreeze.

A young man, superbly dressed, whose light hair and blue eyes proclaimed his Saxon origin, had just passed from the side of the emperor. Edgar, Marquis of Allendale, had been two weeks at the court of Siglamund. His handsome person, his great wealth, and his deeds of arms, had made him there no unwelcome guest—and rumor even then asserted that the most beautiful maiden in Germany had plighted her troth to him. As Edgar passed through the crowded room he paused to address the lord chamberlain.

"Ah, my dear Marquis," said the latter, "I am delighted to see you; all the world is here to night; but come with me, I have a word for your private ear." He drew him into a recess. "Marquis, you have a rival for the hand of Adrianna. See, she is in the next room, and notice by her side that tall, dark nobleman. It is the Count Palatine. He has just returned from Italy. Without success he has long sought the hand of your lady. This evening he has been constantly by her side; he means no good. Beware of him—you will find him a dangerous rival, for," he lowered his voice to a whisper, "he is supposed to be connected with the Tribunal of the Holy Vehme. You know its power—but I am called. Farewell! remember my warning."

Edgar stood as if paralyzed; the words dropped by the chamberlain, the name of the holy vehme, made him shudder and grow pale. Before him was the peerless Adrianna in all the pride of youth and beauty, "a perfect woman, nobly planned," and by her side stood the Count Palatine. Tall and strongly made, with black hair, a heavy mustache, and a dark eye that flashed from under his overhanging eye brows, the count looked like one whom few would wish to brave. Raising himself with an effort, Edgar walked towards them. An expression of joy lighted up the countenance of Adrianna as she saw him, while the count's face grew darker as he gazed upon the handsome stranger. Edgar requested Adrianna to join him in the dance that was about to begin. Looking timidly towards the count she consented. They walked towards the dancers. The count gazed after them for a moment with a sneer upon his lip; then looking round and seeing that he was observed he passed into the outer room. The Count of Merlin, Adrianna's father, was standing near the door in conversation with some nobleman; the count touched him as he passed, he turned and followed him.

"There will be a meeting of the Holy Vehme at twelve to morrow night in the vaulted chamber of the castle of Drackenfels."

"To morrow night," said the Count of Merlin, "what new offender?"

"Dare you ask your chief for reasons? Beware! Count of Merlin, you are not invulnerable. Remember, at twelve to morrow night."

The festivities were not concluded until a late hour. Before the parties separated Edgar and Adrianna had exchanged mutual vows of love. Joyfully did Edgar walk to his lodgings, so engrossed with the thought of Adrianna's beauty that he did not perceive that a man with a cloak wrapped round his body followed him to his very door. Hastily divesting himself of his apparel, the young man retired to rest as the red sun rose from behind the hills that were crowned by the castle of Drackenfels.

When Edgar awoke the next morning the bright sun was shining in his chamber window. He turned upon his pillow and started "as if an armed foe had been near." In the very pillow on which his head had been lying, buried to the hilt, was a long dagger with a cord twisted around the handle, to which a slip of parchment was attached. Tremblingly Edgar read, "You are summoned to appear this night at twelve o'clock before the Tribunal of the Holy Vehme. A guide will be with you at eleven" Edgar turned deadly pale as he read the fearful words. The most powerful dukes and the greatest princes had been summoned to appear before the holy vehme; and too well did Edgar know that he who failed to obey their call perished by the hand of a midnight assassin. Conscious of his innocence he determined to be ready at the appointed hour. Rising he sought Adrianna at the palace of her father; to his astonishment and grief he learned that she had that morning left the city in company with her father

Slowly dragged the day along; at length the appointed hour arrived. Edgar heard a knock upon the door of his apartment, he arose and opened the door. A man clothed in black, with a mask upon his face, entered the room

"I am ready," said Edgar.

They descended into the street; two horses saddled and bridled stood before the door. They rode rapidly through the city; when they had passed the gate the guide turned to Edgar:

"Sir," said he, "you must consent to be blindfolded."

"As you please," said Edgar

The guide drew a handkerchief from his pocket and quickly blindfolded him. For some time they rode on in silence—at length they stopped. In an instant Edgar felt himself lifted from the horse and hurried forward. They passed through what appeared to him to be a long hall, then down a stone staircase A door was thrown open, the handkerchief fell from his eyes, and he stood in the presence of the Tribunal of the Holy Vehme.

Seated around a long room were some thirty or forty men, dressed in black robes, with black masks upon their faces. At one end was a raised platform, on which was a table. Behind the table sat one who appeared to be the chief. By his side was seated the secretary. Two iron lamps threw a dim light upon the scene.

"Edgar, Marquis of Allondale," said the chief, in a loud, harsh voice, "you have been summoned to appear before the Tribunal of the Holy Vehme. 'Tis well that you have obeyed our commands. Listen while the secretary reads the accusation."

The secretary rose and read from his parchment book:

"Edgar, Marquis of Allondale, is charged with having dared to aspire to the hand of a German countess against her father's consent, and contrary to the law of our land."

"Your defence, young man," said the chief.

In an instant the truth flashed upon the mind of Edgar. He was the victim of a base conspiracy, but who would summon him thus? Ah! it is flashed through his brain like lightning; it was the Count of Palatine, He turned fiercely:

"Wretch! do you think your cunning artifice is not discovered? That I do love the daughter of the Count of Merlin I will avow before the world. But as for thee, I will maintain——"

"He has confessed his guilt," said the chief, rising and clapping his hands; two men-at-arms appeared. "Away with him, you know his punishment."

Edgar was seized and hurried away. When they reached the hall through which he before had passed he was blindfolded. He was then led along a second passage, a door was opened, and the night breeze played softly upon his heated brain.

All the day had Adrianna remained mournfully within the castle of Drackenfels. Her father had summoned her to depart with him on the day after the imperial ball, without assigning a reason for his strange proceedings. The thought of her lover mourning her absence preyed upon the spirits of the gentle girl. The day passed sorrowfully away, and the night brought no relief to her troubled heart. Finding all attempts to sleep were in vain she arose and seated herself at the window overlooking the garden. For a long time she remained seated there, gazing upon the stars, or the bright moon, or at the silver waters of the lake that lay in the midst of the garden. She was gazing upon the latter and a statue of Venus that stood by its side, when her attention was arrested by the sight of men advancing up one of the walks that led to the lake. They were three in number, and two appeared to be dragging the other.

They reached the margin of the lake—the moon, which had been obscured by a cloud, at that moment shone forth upon the scene, and to her horror Adrianna saw the dress and the countenance of her lover. The life blood thrilled to her heart as she saw that he was evidently a prisoner. One of the men-at-arms walked to the statute of Venus and seized it by the left hand. It turned slowly, a trap door was discovered, which one of them raised. She saw one descend, then Edgar, and then the other. The statue swung back to its place, and all was still again.

Still Adrianna gazed, as if fascinated, upon the spot where they had disappeared. Suddenly the statue turned again; first one, and then the other of the men-at-arms came forth—but the third person, Edgar, was not with them. Again one of them touched the left hand of the Venus, again the statue was restored and all was as before. Adrianna rose and tottered towards her couch, but before she reached it she fell insensible upon the floor.

When she recovered a suspicion of the truth strikes her. She leaves the room and gliding behind the length reaches the statue. She places upon the ground a lamp and a small basket of provisions. Then reaching upwards she grasps the left hand of the Venus. A grating noise is heard and the trap door lies open before her.

Down, down she goes, far into the ground, while the water drips from the stones by her narrow staircase. She has arrived at the bottom—before her is an iron door, it is bolted upon the outside, she draws back the bolt, enters the cell, and is in the arms of her lover, and weeping upon his breast. In a few moments she was calm.

"Come, dear Edgar, let us leave this dreadful place. I am fearful every moment that the Count of Palatine will discover us. You do not know that man as I do"

Hastily refreshing himself with the food she had brought, Edgar left the cell with her, rejoicing in his escape.

They were about to ascend the stairs when the harsh, grating sound, made by the turning of the statue, fell upon their ears.

"Quick, quick Adrianna, blow out the light, and come hither," said Edgar, hurriedly.

As she extinguished the light Edgar drew her into a dark recess by the side of the cell door

"Keep silent and we are saved," said he to the trembling lady.

The heavy tread of a man descending the stairs was heard—soon they saw the glimmer of a light, and the Count of Palatine stood before the cell door. A smile of malicious pleasure was upon his stern countenance

"Well, my pretty stranger, we will see if you have come to your senses yet. If not, this must finish the business."

As he spoke he drew a long dagger from his breast, he grimly surveyed the point. Then replacing it he entered the cell. To rush forward, shut the door, and run the bolt, was with Edgar but the work of a moment. Seizing Adrianna in his arms he ran hastily up the staircase

When they arrived at the landing Adrianna pulled the knob, and in a moment they were in the garden of the castle. The statue was replaced, and the Count of Palatine left to the fate he so richly merited.

Edgar and Adrianna proceeded to the stables, mounted their horses, and before the morning sun had risen were far beyond pursuit.

They reached England in safety and were married. Though both lived to see the secret tribunal in a great measure destroyed, yet never did Edgar hear them mentioned that he did not think of the terrible night and the fearful death to which he was doomed by the Tribunal of the Holy Vehme.

ROYALTY ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

MODERN war has fully revived one glorious usage of the mediæval strife. The king and the king's son have almost invariably gone to the front and afforded their troops the inestimable advantage of personal encouragement. In the Crimean war the Czar sent two of his sons, the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas, to Sebastopol At Inkerman they stood with Prince Menchikoff on St. George's brow, under the fire of the British cannon, to cheer the Muscovite infantry in their prolonged attacks upon the lines of their allies. On that occasion—we mention the incident to show the value of royal presence in the field—the Tarnoopne regiment was nerved to a charge with the bayonet by the appeal of Captain Chodiskevitch, who pointed out the Grand Dukes to the hesitating soldiers, and turned their blood to fire instead of water. In the brief, bloody war waged between France and Italy on one side, and Austria on the other, each country sent its monarch to battle. Francis Joseph met Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel sword in hand. As regards the Italian king, no colonel of cavalry could have been more willing for the fight than he. In the seven days war between Austria and Prussia, Francis Joseph again crossed swords with a king. William of Prussia was quite as unlikely as Victor Emmanuel to prefer his capitol to the field. In the same conflict both the king and crown prince of Italy drew their weapons, and Prince Humbert showed at Bustozza that he was a chip of the old heroic block. When the Germans invaded France, the King of Prussia, though seventy years old, got into his saddle as blithely, if not as briskly, as he had done in the Napoleonic wars; and Frederick Wilhelm, the crown prince, rode with him; while the French emperor brought the prince imperial to a baptism of fire at Saarbruck. During the civil war in Spain Don Carlos commanded in person, and even the young king Alfonso, though only seventeen years old, followed his army in the last battles against the Carlists. During the Russo-Turkish war the czar and the czarovitch, the princes of Roumania, Servia and Montenegro were all in the field together England alone keeps her royal family at home.

New Publications.

The Popular Science Monthly of Appleton & Co., is issued for April, and contains an unusual variety of articles of prominent interest, opening with a sketch with portrait of John Stuart Mill by Alexander Bain. The Intra Mercurial Plants, with Illustrations, are described by Camille Flammarion: Dietetic Curiosities are discussed by Felix Oswald. This is followed by an article on The Monopolists in Art by Samuel Kneeland. New Guinea by Alfred Russel Wallace, Experiments with Living Human Beings by George M. Beard; Shall we Adopt the Metric System? Psychometric Facts, by Francis Galton; Health and Recreation, by Dr. B. W. Richardson; Early Traces of Man by G. De Mortillet, "Why do We Eat our Dinner" by Prof. Grant Allen. "The Origin of Upland Lakes," by J. C. Ward. Sketch with portrait of Sir Humphrey Davy, and a voluminous scientific miscellany.

"Personal Appearance" is the title of the latest volume of Health Primers published by D. Appleton & Co., of New York. The many questions involved in the subject of hygiene are attracting such attention at the present time, that clear, concise works on the subject are very welcome, and presented in this form must become very popular. The one on "Personal Appearance" treats of the form and size of the body, changes in the fatty and bony framework and changes in various organs, artificial alterations and changes in color in health and disease, closing with a discussion of temperament habit and tone, all of which give substantial information in a plain simple form. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city. Price 45 cents.

The latest number of "Robinson's Epitome of Literature," a semi-monthly publication devoted to art, music, literature and the drama contains a number of ably written reviews of prominent books and Shakesperian Gossip. This publication is a valuable guide to book buyers.

The various subjects in science are not attractive to all readers, but the majority of scientific books are so filled with the mysteries of technicalities, it involves them in a certain obscurity of meaning to casual readers, but any one can understand it all as described in "The Fairy-land of Science," by A. S. Buckley in a volume published by Appleton & Co., of New York. The mysteries of science are explained in a most pleasing style, the extreme simplicity of which has the effect of vivid illustrations; the subjects are made so clear and comprehensive it should attract old and young to wander through the "Fairy-Land of Science" with such a pleasant guidance. For young readers of science it can be warmly recommended. It is attractively bound and illustrated, and is for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

"Woman's Wrong," a book for women, by Mrs. Elliott, is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Mrs. Elliott has won extensive popularity in this country as well as in England, and in her new work of fiction, entitled "Woman's Wrong," a Book for Women," she has woven a well-constructed plot, original and natural character, and the most exciting sketches of society in various phases of life. She has been most happy in drawing her characters and descriptions, and has hit upon an ingenious plot, involving a most interesting point, which is invested with originality, and is worked out skilfully to the end, being an entirely true yet graphic description of the legal wrongs that English wives and mothers wed to worthless husbands are compelled to endure. Price $1.

The Life of Bayard Taylor has been written by H. H. Conwell, and published by the Questy Publishing Co., of Phila., in an attractive form, with portrait of the subject and a variety of illustrations. It opens with an interesting outline of his ancestry, birth, and early life, tracing up his travels from his first years to Europe, with a pleasing description of the extensive travels made at that and subsequent periods. It includes an outline of his literary work and diplomatic career, in later life up to the time of his death, and the many eulogies paid to his memory by his numerous friends. The volume makes a most pleasing souvenir of the lamented poet and scholar

The March number of Cassell's Illustrated Magazine of Art opens with another paper of the series on Living English Artists. The subject of the sketch is Millais, and includes his portrait and two of his pictures, Awake and the Northwest Passage, which forms the frontispiece. Lambeth Palace is described in the next article and is profusely illustrated. The subject of the series of papers on American Artists and American Art is Benjamin West, and gives his portrait and a copy of his picture, The Death of Wolfe. The Wild Sikhs and Native Dyes of India are described in an article entitled Treasure. Nooks and Corners of the Devonshire Coast give a captivating description with illustrations of picturesque Dartmouth and the Dart. The Pictures of the Midland Counties' Fine Art Exhibition at Nottingham are described in an illustrated article. The number also contains two fine illustrations, one of which reproduces Oscar Matuleu's picture An Idyll, and the other Britomarte and Her Nurse, from the painting of G. F. Watts.

Mrs. A. L. Wister's translations from the German are always a welcome addition to the choice standard novels, and not least gives a very interesting story from the German of Auerbach's Edelweiss entitled Castle Hohenwald. The book is full of incident, interesting scenes of the Franco Prussian war in a spirited style; the characters are vividly drawn and combine to make the novel an exceedingly attractive one. Published and for sale by Lippincott & Co., Phila. Price $1.50.

NEW MUSIC.

From S. T. Gordon & Co., of New York, we have received the following recent musical publications: Autumn Leaves, a valse brillante, by Charles Gimbel, Jr.; The Haitian Waltzes, by E. Whaley; Flirting on Broadway, a serio comic song, by J. P. Skelly; Not Yet, a song for soprano or tenor, by Wm. H. Larned; Sweet Seventeen, a song and dance by J. P. Skelly; and The Happy Trio, a gavotte for the piano, by J. R. Higinbotham.

Mr. G. D. Russell, of Boston, send us the following popular songs and pieces: Willie's My Ain Laddie True, a Scotch ballad, by J. L. Gilbert; Wandering Back to the Old Home, by Walter Gleason; Good Bye, Katrina, by Louis Frederic; She Didn't Know What to Say, a comic song by A. Wallis Crestial; Dreams, a reverie, by Geo. Fox Lucas; May's Dream, a nocturne, as rendered as a quartet by Chas. D. Blake.

From Messrs. S. T. Gordon & Co., New York, a copy of Millard's Selections, Volume 2. A collection of anthems, motets, sanctuses and offertory pieces for quartette or chorus choirs. We are satisfied that it will be found to meet the requirements of all to a greater extent than any volume so well known to every church choir. The work contains 160 pages, selected from the best masters.

Our Young Folks.

POLLY'S DREAM

BY [illegible]

"AND is it quite, quite true, mother?" said Kitty, who was lying at her mother's feet, with her head against her mother's hand. "I love that story."

"It is only a story, after all," said Mrs Gwynne smoothing Kitty's ruffled hair; "but it teaches us some things, I think. You see, Kitty, it is to show us that when our Lord was born at Christmas time, all the heavens and earth were very glad, and even the animals were glad too, so because He was born in a manger with the cows at their stalls about Him, the [illegible] up this story of how, on Christmas Eve, God's angels teach the dumb creatures and they praise Him. No, my dear, it is not true, of course, only we know that, even in their silence, all God's creatures praise Him."

"But it would have been so funny to hear them talk," said Kitty, making herself a little and staring with her great round eyes into her mother's sweet face. "And Christmas Eve and all, and oh! that lazy Polly is asleep!"

Here another curly head and flushed face rose indignantly from the woolly rug, and another pair of round black eyes denied the charge.

"I was listening," said Polly, "about the cows and all. Mother, is it Christmas Eve to-night?"

"Yes."

"And do they praise God to-night? Would the cows be talking about Him on our farm?"

"Not talking, Polly," said Mrs Gwynne, smiling, "but praising God I think always and there is nurse's knock, children and the dinner bell, and father's step on the stairs—all the good things seem to come at once."

"I kept bed," said Kitty, discontentedly. "How many more Christmases have I mother, before I am grown up?"

"Nearly twelve—twelve long, happy years."

"And Polly has thirteen," said Kitty, "she's got the longest time to wait."

Polly said nothing, her round face was grave and puzzled, but black eyes were wide open, she was thinking so deeply that she half forgot to kiss her mother good night.

"Asleep and dreaming already," said Mrs Gwynne laughing, as she held her close. "God bless you, my Polly, and send you a merry Christmas."

There was no making Polly out that night. She undressed quite soberly, without dancing or prancing about, without waking the baby, without even teasing nurse, and when she was put into the little room out of the nursery, with the gas turned low, she lay with her eyes wide open, watching.

And when the nurse turned the gas a little lower, propped the door ajar, and went heavily down the passage, Polly raised herself on her elbow and looked round.

"Kitty!" she called softly, but there was no answer except a heavy sigh.

Then she softly pushed the clothes off her, and looked round half frightened, half pleased, planted her two little feet upon the carpet, and stood upright. Her heart was beating very fast and loud, but she crept into the day nursery and began burrowing on the clean clothes that nurse had laid out upon the chairs.

She could not manage to tie anything very well, because they all fastened behind, but she put her pinafore on over everything and drew the belt tight, then, with her bare feet, she pattered to the door.

"I've got no shoes on," she said to herself, "so they won't hear me," and she danced along the passage, where her feet made a faint, uncertain patter like scampering mice.

Down the stairs and past the drawing room door she ran.

There were voices talking, but she never stopped to listen, she slipped into the conservatory that opened out of the morning room, and in another minute was out in the snowy garden, for it was very early still, and the doors were not locked.

Through the shrubbery, and over the lawn, over the gate into the lane—a long stony lane—that ended in a sort of cottage yard with buildings all round.

Over the stones she pattered in the moonlight up to the wooden posts, and there she stopped to listen. Her heart seemed to stop too for a minute, and then to go beating madly on, for out of the stables there came low, soft sounds and heavy footsteps as the cows turned upon the straw or lowed pensively at the door. Then Polly opened the door a chink and looked in.

Three great white cows turned solemnly and looked at her, but she did not feel afraid.

"It is Christmas Eve," she said to herself to still the heavy beating of her heart. "I heard them talking—perhaps they were telling each other about the Baby in the manger. Perhaps if I keep [illegible] they will go on talking to each other presently," she thought; and she held her breath and waited.

Presently the straw moved. There was a heavy [illegible] of feet, and the white cow that had been in the centre stall came over to her and put its head with the head against her hand.

"For the dear Lord's sake!" a voice said softly, "who was born in a manger, be kind to all His creatures!"

"I am kind," said Polly faintly, pushing herself far back into the corner. "I never threw the stones, indeed, I was only on the wall, looking, and I thought you were going to run at me; but I never threw a stone—not one."

"Children forget," said the white cow, in its soft voice, "that our Lord has made us all sacred, even His dumb creatures."

"Yes, I know," said Polly, kneeling up, and forgetting to be afraid; "I don't remember it always, nor does Kitty, but I will speak to her about it to-morrow."

"For the dear Lord's sake!" the white cow said, and she laid her white head against Polly's cold hand again; but this time Polly stretched it out and stroked the white head softly.

"I will tell them all," she said, "about throwing stones."

"God set us apart too," another voice said, so close beside her that she started. "And yet you forgot that also—overworked, overtired, struck, kicked, cursed, as the lowest of His creatures—we too have a place given to us that is higher than you think. Have you forgotten the day when Jesus rode into Jerusalem, and the palm-branches were strewed upon the way, and the people shouted? He was riding on an ass, you know."

And he too pushed his cold nose against Polly's hair, and leaned against her.

"Oh, it is too hard, too hard," cried Polly passionately, "to treat you so! I will tell Billy that you have told me all about it! Oh, my little donkey, that I loved so much."

Then there came the fluttering of little wings, and in at the square window above her head there flew a brown bird that beat its breast against the wooden stall, and cried with a sad, monotonous cry that startled Polly from her knees.

"What is it, little sparrow, that makes you cry like that?" said Polly gently. "Have you no eggs, or no nest, or no little birds to love? Who has hurt and frightened you, sparrow?"

Then the sparrow made answer sadly:

"In the spring time long ago, I had a nest and five blue eggs; and one day, when I sat on the branch of the tree, praising the dear Lord, I saw two hands take my nest away—two cruel little hands that took my eggs, and threw the nest down to be trampled in the dust—while only the dear Lord pitied my broken heart. So for the sake of Him who loves us, you should be good to us."

"I will be good," cried Polly, weeping passionately; "but indeed it was not I who took the eggs. Don't tell my secret, if I whisper it to you—never tell it to any one—but it was Kitty who took the eggs, not I. They looked so pretty and so blue, sparrow, and we just peeped in; but we will never take any eggs again, for your sake, pretty sparrow!"

"For the dear Lord's sake!" said the sparrow, and she laid her head for a minute against Polly's hand, and then spread her wings to fly.

"Don't!" cried Polly, "don't stay!" but the sparrow still stood on Polly's hand, and [illegible] put her arms as she struck it up and then the roof [illegible] and on my word I saw the sparrow and saw my hands of stars, and were brighter than the rest that stood above the stable door.

But there was something between her and the stars—lights and voices and faces—faces that looked down on her in troubled wonder.

"Safe, thank God!" she heard her mother say, and then someone knelt down upon the straw beside her, and gently pushed the white cow's head aside.

"Why, Polly! what brought you here asleep?"

"I was wide awake," said Polly, rubbing her round eyes; "and they were talking to me. Where has my sparrow gone?"

"Dreaming still!" said Mrs. Gwynne. "Why, we have been hunting for you all night—and then to find you in this cold place with old Daisy's head on your lap!"

"I was wide awake," said Polly again; "I meant to creep back soon."

"Was it in dreams [illegible]?" said Mrs Gwynne, "five o'clock, and we only found you at last by these footsteps."

She stooped down, and in the moonlight Polly saw the little marks of her bare feet in the light covering of the snow that wrapt the sleeping earth. She had been [illegible] the stable and the oxen and God's dumb creatures—no nearer to God's tender love than on all the long snow years when she had never [illegible] her heart!

The Dresden Academy for the teaching of Tattooing and Drawing-Skin in Paris, was established last year on [illegible] principles. Among the pupils were natives of Hungary, Denmark, Russia, Sweden and Norway, Switzerland, Austria, and North America.

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 644 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Original contributions solicited.

"CEREBRATIONS."

BY TOM ASCAT.

There was a young man in the city,
Who said to his friend, "what a pity
The average column
Of puzzles is solemn
And dreary, let's make one that's witty."

So they sat themselves down to the task,
And by letting those gentlemen ask
Each puzzler of fame,
To forward his name
And some "cons," with his NOM DEPLUME to ask.

And the answers come in by the score,
Each day and each week brought them more,
And these editors got
All the best of the lot,
And placed them their rosters before.

As a sample of what they can do,
Give this column a careful review,
Still the editors seek
For improvement each week,
And ask for good puzzles and new.

Dear friends of the mystical beat
Between you and me and the POST
[illegible]
The brightest, most varied, and most
Interesting. Our pride and our boast

SOLUTIONS.

No. 71. HEAD-MOLD-SHOT.

No. 72.
N A T A L
T I L E S
M E A L S
S T E E P
S W E A T

No. 73. CEREBRATION.

No. 74.
S A M B O R
A N G O L A
M E A R I M
B O K K E N
O L I E N A
R A M N A D

No. 75. ANSWER.

No. 76.
L A D
M I N I M
L I A I S O N
A N I M O S E
D I S O B E Y
M O S E S
N E Y

No. 77. STRAPPADO.

No. 78.
C O M P L I C A T E
O P E R A T I V E
M E D I T A T E
P R I M E L Y
L A T E L Y
I T A L Y
C I T Y
A V E
T E
E.

No. 79. THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

No. 80.
O
F A D
B A T E S
B I R E M E S
P A R A G E N I C
C A T E G O R I C A L
D E M E R I T E D
S E N I T E S
S I C E S
C A D
L.

No. 81. NUMERICAL.

The WHOLE consisting of 15 letters letters is in Wales.
[illegible] a constellation
[illegible]
The 8, 9, 10, 11 are good for dinner when fat.
The 12, 13, 14, 15 is a reward.

Lima, Ohio. TRADDLES.

No. 82. TRIPLE ACROSTIC.
1. [illegible]
2. [illegible]
3. [illegible]
4. Decorated.
5. Pure.
[illegible] Hoffmannah.
[illegible]
[illegible]

Decatur, Ala. SOD COV.

No. 83. CHARADE.

My FIRST is 504
My NEXT is 1 (miss it you can't):
My THIRD is 504
My FOURTH is 1; WHOLE is a plant.

Rondout, N. Y. O. W. L.

No. 84. HALF SQUARE.
1. A variety of jade.
2. Flattened at the poles.
3. To cleanse.
4. A town of Panama.
5. Used up.
6. A pronoun.
7. A letter.

New York City. KOK.

No. 85. CROSS WORD.
To Pepe and to Reade.
[illegible]

San Francisco, Cal. GOOSE QUILL.

No. 86. SQUARE.
To hear.
1. A disease.
2. A [illegible].
3. [illegible].
4. [illegible].
5. A [illegible] of Ohio.
6. [illegible].

Baltimore, Md. RANDOLPH.

No. 87. CHARADE.
The FIRST a kind of fish, we'll say
[illegible]
[illegible] day
[illegible]
The WHOLE is seen sometime in May.
A plant—there is no doubt.

New York City. EPPENDI.

No. 88. [illegible]
1. A sideboard.
The prefect of a province.
3. To press with a seal.
4. A flute.
5. To prepare.
6. A complete sacrifice.
[illegible]
1. [illegible]
2. [illegible]
3. [illegible]
4. [illegible]
5. [illegible]
6. Spectacles.
7. A town in Germany.
8. For fear that.
9. A division of land.
10. Never. (Hare.)
11. A letter.

San Francisco, Cal. PERCY VERE.

No. 89. LOGOGRIPH.
Behead for me the bloom of youth
Which will to threaten leans,
Behead, transpose, and [illegible] in truth
Consumed you will perceive;
Behead again, a metal find,
Transpose and bring to view
A beast, "the smallest of its kind,"
And now I ask of you—
Cut off my tail, transpose, and we
A brilliant flint will quickly see.

Philadelphia, Pa. PEGGOTTY.

No. 90. DIAMOND.
1. [illegible]
2. [illegible]
3. [illegible]
4. [illegible]
5. [illegible]
6. [illegible]
7. [illegible]
8. [illegible]
9. [illegible]
10. [illegible]
11. [illegible] "Lackawaxen."

Baltimore, Md. ASIAN.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES

The POST six months, for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.
The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

SOLVERS.

Cerebrations of March 6th, were solved by Quips, Peggotty, Trabmer, Nutmeg, Lochinvar, O. Possum, A. Solver, Oliver, Asian, Wa Ching, Hal Hazard, O. C. O. La., Gil Blas, Kok, Willie Wildwave, Traddles, Flowy Ann, Mattie Jay, M. T. Pate, Goose Quill, Percy Vere, Comet.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1st. Quips, - - - Camden, N. J.
2nd. Peggotty, - - - Philada., Pa.
3rd. Asian, - - - Baltimore, Md.
4th. Traddles, - - - Lima, Ohio.
5th. Gil Blas, - - Washington, D. C.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Gahmew, charade and square; Mattie Jay, geographical square; Percy Vere, octagon and acrostic; Drab Pequior, cross words and two diamonds; Trabmer, cross words; Kok, numerical and cross word; Hal Hazard, seven diamonds; Quips, square and two charades; Nutmeg, pyramid, diamond, square remainders, hexagon and half square; Flowy Ann, cross words, three half squares and octagon; Tom Ascat, charade and sketch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

DR B.—In the square you send, MALE is a word marked obsolete in Webster, and consequently not allowable. Try again. Your work shows care and neatness, and we shall be pleased to have you send some more.

HAL HAZARD.—We were not aware that Baltimore had been annexed to Australia, but so it seems from the precious stones found there. We acknowledge receipt of seven perfect Eleven Letter Diamonds from you this week, making ten contributed since the publication of Cerebrations. If Pen must look to his [illegible].

GAHMEW.—Such letters and contributions as yours from the far South West are very cheering, and we hope to hear from you often. Glad to see your State in the Cerebration for TEA as well as others.

PERCY VERE.—Send along the answer to that charade. We are also compelled to ASQUARE is that six letter in verse.

MATTIE JAY.—We think your Double Geographical [illegible] to those who strive for [illegible].

DRAB POQUIOR.—If we were to CROSS (S) WORDS with you now, you would certainly get the better of us, as your last are made of the pure metal. Your pair of Diamonds are without a flaw, and will soon be set up in this column.

KOK.—You PLAY for us with your last batch, and KOK incide with our views exactly.

NUTMEG.—Your last contributions will appear with those of our other friends as soon as possible.

TRABMER.—Glad to hear from the Camden "Gate" again. Our disposition is so charming that cross words never ruffle our temper.

QUIPS.—You have COMPLETELY carried off the Prize with your last list of solutions. We KNEW Jersey would toe the mark soon. Your LAST contributions are FIRST class.

FLOWY ANN.—Thanks for letter. Of your last shipment, the cross words find a ready market, and we will endeavor to work off the Half Squares as soon as we can. Your list of Answers are [illegible].

TOM ASCAT.—Thanks for the charade [illegible] glad to have you [illegible]. We will endeavor to [illegible] but [illegible] in next week in favor of [illegible].

PUZZLE OPEN TO PEGGY CUP

TO

CAP CONTRIBUTIONS CONSIDERED CRAMMING

BY

WILKINS MICAWBER.

SHE WAS NOT MUCH IN LOVE.

They were straying by the seashore,
In the twilight purple glowt
Listening to the soft, sweet music
Of old ocean's ebb and flow.

"I am thinking, love," he whispered,
"Of a cottage by the sea—
Only sea and sky above us,
What a happy life 't would be!

"If you're ever near me, darling,
I can care for nothing: since
You are all the world unto me—
I'm as happy as a prince!"

Then she answered, hesitating,
In their conversation's lull:
"Yes, my dear, it might be pleasant
But I fear it would be dull."

WHAT NEVER HAPPENED.

ATTEMPTS of an instructive kind have been made to show that, if slight circumstances had been other than they were, many of the great events of past history would not have occurred at all, or would have been so modified as to wholly change their character. The history of events that never happened is of course merely one mode of expressing a guess, a conjecture as to the probable result of something happening different from that which really did happen; but though only a guess or conjecture, it may possess value if well chosen and carefully traced out.

Suppose Xerxes had been successful: what then? the Greek intellect has been the great dynamic agency in European civilization; that, directly or indirectly, it has contributed more than any other single influence to stimulate the energies, shape the intellectual type, determine the political ideals, and lay down the canons of taste for Europe as distinguished from Asiatic countries. But how easily might all this have been otherwise! If the invasion by Xerxes had been successful, and an Asiatic despotism established in Greece, it is difficult to imagine how Greek civilization, poetry, art, influence could have survived. Yet he might have won the naval battle of Salamis, or the land battle of Platem; for his ships and his soldiers greatly outnumbered those of the Greeks.

Livy presented an imaginary history of an invasion of Italy by Alexander the Great, showing what might have happened if such an invasion had really taken place. He took a pride in the prowess and efficiency of the Roman legions, and was annoyed at the way in which certain Greek writers had insinuated that the great name of Alexander would have intimidated the Romans and checked their patriotic resistance. The historian entered into a parallel of soldier with soldier, general with general, strategy with strategy. He traced out an imaginary campaign, and showed (to his own satisfaction at least) that his countrymen would have won, because the Greeks had only one Alexander, the Romans many. Livy and the Greek writers differed in their guesses as to probable results; but they all alike sought to grapple with events that did not happen.

A different strategy might have enabled Hannibal, after the terrible battle of Cannæ, to march upon Rome and burn it to the ground. The Carthaginian general, as we know, gained this momentous victory somewhat over two centuries before the Christian era, killing more than forty thousand of the Roman troops. Had his march upon Rome been made, and made promptly, it is within the bounds of probability that the long series of important events which attended the formation of the Roman Empire would not have taken place; and a nation widely different in its position, its character, and its pursuits, would have presided over the development of civilization.

Suppose Mohammed, the founder of Islam, had been killed in one of the first skirmishes of his career—what would have followed? There is no reason to believe that a great monotheistic religion, a military ecclesiasticism, would have been organized in Arabia, destined to sweep with the fanaticism of faith over an immense portion both of the Pagan and the Christian world. That system which has been maintained for more than a thousand years, and in three continents of the globe, would have been nipped in the bud.

Charles Martel, the titular mayor of the palace, but the real ruler of the Franks in the first half of the eighth century, had to contend against a formidable invasion of the Saracens, who conquered Bordeaux, crossed the Garonne, and threatened Tours. Charles Martel advanced, and defeated them with immense slaughters near Poitiers—the Saracen leader being among the slain. Again and again they renewed their inroads, ending at last in their final defeat near Lyons. The victory of the Christians was only gained after several days of doubtful and indecisive strategy; had it been lost instead of won, Mohammedanism (it is contended) would certainly have overspread Gallic and Teutonic Europe. The event which did not happen was perhaps as trifling in itself as that which really occurred. "The obscure blunder of some forgotten captain, who perhaps moved his troops to the right when he should have moved them to the left, may have turned the scale against his general and determined the fate of the Europe."

Another event that might have happened, and changed the course of modern history in momentous particulars, would have been the earlier arrival of a certain papal letter. When the fall of Anne Boleyn was determined on, the pope proposed to Henry VIII. terms of reconciliation between the king and the see of Rome, so flattering as to have a fair chance of acceptance. But the letter containing this proposal came to hand too late to be of service; for Henry married Jane Seymour the very day after he had decapitated poor Anne, and was content to defy the pope as he had hitherto done. If the letter had arrived a day or two earlier, might not the course of ecclesiastical and national events have been affected in a marked degree?

Another course of proceedings in the same critical century is connected with the history of the rival queenly cousins, Elizabeth and Mary Stuart. At a time when Queen Elizabeth was in ill health, and when mingled hopes and fears agitated the minds of her subjects as to the probable or possible results, the Countess of Shrewsbury desired her son to remain on the watch in London, with two good horses constantly ready to gallop off. If the Queen died, he was to travel with the utmost speed to Edinburgh, there to announce the news to Mary Queen of Scots. Should this not improbable event (the death of Elizabeth at that precise period) have taken place, Mary Stuart would have been the heiress to the English throne, with the Roman Catholic influence of France powerfully influencing her conduct. But Elizabeth recovered from her illness, the son of the Countess of Shrewsbury did not make his hurried gallop, and the current of affairs flowed on in the course so well known.

In scientific discovery and mechanical invention, events that did not happen might so very easily and probably have happened, that it is often difficult to award praise in justly due proportions to those who deserve it.

Palissy the potter made many years' experiments to discover the art of obtaining white enamel; he impoverished himself, and when he had no more money to buy fuel for his furnace or kiln, he broke up household furniture for that purpose. If he had listened to the reproaches of his wife and the ridicule of his neighbors, he probably would not have attained the brilliant success which brought him competence and fame, and gave an important stimulus to the manufacture of porcelain and fine pottery.

If Mr. Edison had not pricked his finger while experimenting on the telephone, it is by no means certain whether or when he would have invented his phonograph. The form of the little spot of blood affected by the movements of a vibrating diaphragm, suggested a new idea which struck root in his mind.

The history of chemical manufactures, if traced in detail, would tell of more than one instance in which the accidental boiling over of a pot, kettle, cauldron, or other vessel—perchance involving some workman in trouble at the time for negligence—resulted in a discovery bringing fortune to manufacturers and great advantage to the public. If the intended process had gone on as usual without accident, the world would have been the worse for it; and yet the difference between what did and what did not happen was very slight in itself.

Grains of Gold.

Learn to labor and to wait; but learn to labor first.

Prejudice squints when it looks, and lies when it talks.

Never read letters which you may find addressed to others.

He that swells in prosperity will be sure to shrink in adversity.

Never refer to a gift you have made or a favor you have rendered.

Never call attention to the features or form of any one present in company.

Hard words are like hailstones in summer; beating down and destroying what they would nourish if they were melted into drops.

To share a heavy burden merely to ease another that is oppressed or sorrow-stricken is noble, but to do it cheerfully is sublime.

To think kindly of each other is good; to speak kindly of each other is better; but to act kindly one towards another is best of all.

Unhappy is the man who cannot willingly and frequently converse with himself; but miserable in the highest degree is the man who dares not.

Don't moralize to a man who is on his back. Help him up, set him firmly on his feet, and then give him advice and means. The means, by all means.

Liberality, courtesy, benevolence, unselfishness, under all circumstances and towards all men—these qualities are to the world what the linchpin is to the rolling chariot.

The best government is that which teaches a man to govern himself; the next best, that which teaches him to govern his family; the third, which teaches him to govern a community.

He who spends his life in accumulating knowledge which is never adapted to the wants of society is a literary miser. His gainings bear no interest, and he defrauds mankind of their just dues.

The desire of being in the fashion does not always arise from the mere monkey instinct of imitation, but often from a desire that there may be no inference as to our pecuniary inability to do so.

Of all coxcombs, the most intolerable in conversation is your fighting fool and your opinionated wit: the one is always talking to show his parts, and the other always quarreling to show his valor.

The temperate man is dear to the Deity because he is assimilated to him. The first and best of victories is for a man to conquer himself; to be conquered by himself is of all things the most shameful and vile.

All things must change—friends must be torn asunder, and swept along in the current of events, to see each other seldom, and perchance no more. Forever and ever in the eddies of time and accident we whirl away.

As a cataract is better for the health of a country and for enterprise than a sluggish pond, so is a life of labor than one of listlessness, wherein man forgets how to be useful, then like an old ruin, falls into itself and dies.

An honest reputation is within the reach of all man; they obtain it by social virtues and by doing their duty. This kind of reputation, it is true, is neither brilliant nor startling, but is often the most useful for happiness.

The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindliest soul, is tenderness towards the hard, forbearance towards the unforbearing, warmth of heart towards the cold, philanthropy towards the misanthropic.

Hardships, the burdens, the trials, the agonies of life call for strength, for fortitude, power of endurance. Christianity, if it be the divine philosophy, ought to supply this. It can supply it. It has supplied it to millions now in glory. It is supplying it to millions now enduring life's ills.

Habit hath such power over the human mind that there is scarce anything too strong to be asserted of it. The story of the miser, who, from long accustoming to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself, and, with great delight and triumph, picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his hoard, is not impossible or improbable.

One-third of Chicago's population is German, and a nearly equal proportion of the public school teaching is done in the German language. The Board of Education proposes to exclude all languages except English from the schools, unless taught simply as accomplishments, and the Germans are holding public meetings in opposition to the measure.

Feminimities.

Moorish women wear engagement rings in the nose.

A very precise young lady speaks of her brother's "boot-john."

When a woman declares she thinks the short walking costume is horrid, just look at her feet.

Rings and wide bracelets of black enamel are worn by ladies to make their hands and arms look fair.

Sleeves are ornamented in every imaginable style, being more dressy than they have been for years.

The fashion in France is for the ladies to take tea in bonnet and gloves, and without cloak or jacket.

A Nebraska City woman not only listened at a keyhole, but fired through it at a man whose talk offended her.

A woman may always judge of the estimation in which she is held by the conversation which is addressed to her.

"Train wrecker!" she hissed, as he blunderingly stumbled upon the long expanse of dress in the crowded ballroom.

One Mrs. Anthony worked so earnestly at raising the debt of a Providence church that she became insane and tried to kill herself.

"She never told her love" that she had been eating onions, but their chairs were found a good ways apart the next morning.

A young couple named their first born "Charles Henry Augustus McCall Smith," so that every one might know that he was their "initial" baby.

A New Orleans woman, whose husband was killed by a pet bear, has sued its owner for $50,000 damages. Evidently she appreciated the man's worth.

Queen Victoria has expressed a strong desire to see Canada, and the Prince of Wales is encouraging her to visit both that country and the United States.

A Nevada girl's love letter: "Dear Jimmy, it's all up. We ain't going to get married. Ma says you're too rough, and I guess she's right. I'm so sorry—but can't you go to Europe and get filed down?"

The most worthless of all family treasures are indolent females. If a wife knows nothing of domestic duties beyond the parlor or the boudoir, she is not a helpmate for a man, but an incumbrance upon his exertions.

For many years after its first introduction into Italy the fan was considered a symbol of levity, and the woman who carried one was regarded much as a woman who waltzed was looked upon at the beginning of the present century.

Somebody notes the fact that there are other fields of ambition for young women than walking quarter miles in quarter hours, and points to the record of a Connecticut girl who achieved five divorces in five consecutive quarter years.

A Michigan girl of fourteen, desiring to marry and fearing that her youthfulness would be regarded by the clergyman as an objection, altered the date of her birth in the family Bible, and took the sacred volume along when she eloped with her lover.

The distinction between liking and loving was well made by a little girl six years old. She was eating an egg at breakfast which she seemed to relish very much. "Do you love it?" asked her aunt. "No," replied the child, with a look of disgust; "I like it. If I loved it I should kiss it."

"Amanda, I wish you to put the large Bible in a prominent place on the centre table, and place three or four hymn books carelessly 'round on the sofas. I have advertised for a young man to board in a cheerful Christian family, and I'll tell you what, if you girls don't manage, either one of you, to rake him in, why I'll never try anything again, for I'm tired out."

About a dozen mechanics in Lewiston, Me., whose funds are limited, are trying to charter a box-car to take them to California. Their plan is to board themselves on the way, doing their cooking in the car.

The other day, an aged sailor caused a great commotion by yelling out, "Hallos, there! I say! Murder! Fire! Watch! Gridirons! Brimstone! Hallos-ca!" "What's the matter? what's the matter?" asked the crowd. "Why, I'm out o' terbacker—got any about ye, any of ye?" was the cool reply.

"Equestrian" asks: "Will you please tell me on which side a gentleman should ride when accompanying ladies who are horseback riding?" Always ride on the outside. The horses do not like it so well when you try to get inside of them. Some horses that are well trained, however, may not mind it. But we think the old way is the best.

A bachelor who seldom had any money, but always had plenty of ingenuity, went into a restaurant and called for two roast chickens, one of which he ate, and then calling the landlord he said, "I've no money, and so I leave this chicken, which is mine, as a material guarantee for the payment of my dinner." The landlord thereupon seized his hat and said, "And I'll keep your hat to coop the chicken in."

A fellow, whose countenance was homely enough, was giving some extra flourishes in a public-house, when he was observed by a clever one, who asked him "if he didn't fall into a brook when he was young." "What do you mean, you impertinent scoundrel?" "Why, I didn't mean nothin'; only you have got such a crooked mouth. I thought as how you might ha' fall'd in the brook when you was a boy, and your mother hung you up by the mouth to dry."

A young man preached before the conference on Lot's wife. He had a poor time; once or twice it seemed as if he would break completely down. He saw his Bishop before him, and that made matters worse. "Bishop, what do you think was the matter with me this morning? I can do a great deal better than that." "Quite likely," replied the Bishop. "The trouble was in your subject. You had better let women alone. I never knew any good come of a Methodist minister from meddling with other men's wives."

Facetiæ.

People that live long—Tall people.

Men that command attention—Drill-sergeants.

A small boy classes pies as "cross-barred, open-topped and kivered."

A wise doctor always keeps his temper even if he loses his patients.

It is vulgar to call a man "bow-legged." Just speak of him as a parenthetical pedestrian.

A new book, like a fresh lobster, doesn't benefit a man much until it is read and digested.

If a woman were to change her sex, what religion would she be of? She would be a he(a)then.

"It can't be proved that Adam and Eve ever washed," said the tramp, "and why should I?"

What's the difference between a barter for victuals and the Chamber of Commerce? One is a trade of board, and the other is a board of trade.

An Irish shoemaker lately advised a customer, when he complained of his new boots being tight, not to put them on until he had worn them a day or two.

A young lady, about to marry a farmer, said: "Mother, Eve married a gardener." She forgot to add that owing to the match the gardener lost his situation.

Some vile traducer says that a month before marriage and a month after death men regard their wives as angels. Of the remaining time he has nothing to say.

A Connecticut preacher says that a good congregation will praise the music, the choir, the ventilation, and the civilities of the usher; but as to the sermon, "Well, I dunno."

"Home's the place for boys," said a stern parent to his son, who was fond of going out at night. "That's just what I think when you drive me off to school every morning," said the son.

A Missouri paper says: "The month of January had some of the coldest weather we have known for years. Horses, cattle, and turkeys roosting in trees were frozen to death."

"Who's the head man of this town?" asked a stranger. And when a boy promptly answered, "The barber!" the stranger looked puzzled and said he wanted to know who was the Mayor.

His companions could not understand why he turned up his nose when they said Smith had some redeeming qualities, but they understood it on learning that he was clerk in his father's pawnshop.

A school inspector, in talking to the infant class, used the word abridgement, and immediately explained that, as some of them might not know the meaning of the word, he would say that it was a synonym of the word epitome.

A member of the Congressional investigating committee recently said: "It's no use trying to get at the truth with regard to a political quarrel, for the witnesses on both sides would rather lie at sixty days than tell the truth for cash."

A lady, who was evidently a *dilettante* of the arts, was heard to express her dissatisfaction at the female portraits in this year's Academy. "I shall wait," was her decision, "until I go to Rome. I guess I'll have my picture done by one of the old masters!"

"John" writes to ask: "How should we begin the week?" We haven't the scriptural regulations handy, but if your folks wash on that day, one good way to begin it will be by getting out of the house before they discover that the boiler or one of tubs leaks.

A little five-year-old daughter of one of our prominent business men, in offering up her evening prayer recently, uttered the following: "God bless mamma, bless papa, and make him buy me a dog—a great big one, that'll whip the devil out of all of them."

New York policeman, stopping a hack-driver: "Look here now, don't you know there's an ordinance requiring every carriage to have a lantern at night?" Hack-driver: "An' sure what nade have I of a lantern at all, at all? Can ye not see for yerself, sir, that me horse is blaind?"

The little Paul, aged eight, passes the day at his uncle's. At the dessert they serve the tart to the cream. "Ah, my uncle," said the child, "why didn't you tell me this morning that there was going to be pie for dinner?" "Why?" "So that I could have expected it all day," replies the infant.

"My dear," inquired a young wife of her husband, as she reached up her little mouth to be kissed on his return from business, "have you seen the magnificent set of walnut furniture which the Jenkinses have just bought?" "Item! no, my love; but I have seen the bill, which quite satisfies me."

"You do make that child look like a fool, wife, with all that toggery on him," said Mr. Fag, angrily, as they were starting out for a walk. "Dear me," said a neighbor, meeting them at the door, "what a doll of a baby, and how much he resembles his papa!" Mr. Fag coughed, and they passed on.

"What are those purple posies down by th brook?" asked Gus. "If you mean," replies Clara, "those glorious masses of empurpled efflorescence that bloom in bosky dells and fringe the wimpling streamlets, they are *Campanula rotundiflora*." Gus plays billiards for a living, and Clara goes to a girls' college.

Visitors from the country at the door of a southside residence, to a German next door: "Jane not at home, did you say?" German—"Nein, Chan'e nod at home." Visitor—"Where is she?" German—"She's gone der cemetery down." Visitor—"When will she come back?" German—"Oh, she vont come back already any more; she's gone to stay; she's det."

WHY RUN ANY RISK with your Cough, Cold, or Hoarseness, or indeed any Pulmonary or Bronchial Complaint, when a remedy safe, thorough, and easily obtained as Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant can be had? If you have contracted a severe Cold, save your Lungs from the dangerous irritation and inflammation, which frequently brings about Consumption, by promptly resorting to the Expectorant; and if troubled with any Affection of the Throat, you will find this remedy equally effectual in affording relief from obstructing phlegm, and in healing the inflamed parts.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

EACH week reveals fresh and charming additions to the variety of dress materials, trimmings, and the many lovely novelties introduced for the Spring, but the most important and attractive feature of the many questions connected with this subject is the "Spring bonnet," for it is always the leading point of importance in the changes of dress required by the change of season, and is the most conspicuous part of one's toilette, on which much of its becomingness and harmonious stylish effect depend. A pretty, becoming bonnet or hat will conceal all the deficiencies of style and freshness in one's dress; but an old, unbecoming bonnet will destroy the effect of a new costume elegant in all its details. In the exercise of rigid economy even, one can make over an old dress, and with a few freshening touches conceal its shabbiness, and with a fresh bonnet the want of a new dress is not perceptible. With these and other arguments one must confess that in the Spring-time especially our fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Spring bonnets and the lovely flowers which come to harmonize with both.

The bonnets and hats this season are as varied in form as dress materials are in colors, and the becomingness of any shape is enough to give it some patronage and popularity, so that every one can in such a wide field surely find something especially suited to their individual style and taste; the same form can be made the foundation for a dozen others, for the brim is the point on which taste and ingenious fingers create the tranformation, by indenting here and raising there, to suit the face and feature of the wearer. Many of the forms are larger than those of last season, while others reproduce the close cottage shape, with the brim flaring more at the top. Others have a decided resemblance to the old fashioned "poke bonnet," familiar to us in old pictures, with flowers inside the brim. The brim extends forward and upward more directly from the crown, and is faced inside with pleatings of Breton lace or a shirring of satin or silk, leaving an inch or less of the inside edge of the bonnet visible. Very fine India muslin is also used in close shirring instead of silk. Even this style of shape undergoes many changes in appearance in being indented here and there to suit one's face. The shirring is very neatly done with drawing-strings, the piece being cut on the bias, and when drawn up is easily adjusted to the shape of the brim. Another style is merely an inside facing of colored velvet; black is used less than formerly, a partiality being visible for dark garnet, and the gen d'arme blue, sapphire, and dark green, while the silk or satin shirring are of the light pale shades of cream, tea, and blue. Another addition to the flaring shapes is a band of velvet placed inside on one side of which is fastened a small cluster of flowers, or a large single flower.

A bonnet which seemed to be especially admired was of fine chip with a flaring brim, indented in the front in a slight point, and raised at the sides towards the crown. A double row of finely pleated Breton lace formed the inside facing, with a band of garnet velvet on one side of which was a bouquet of white flowers, from which extends a white ostrich tip curling under the raised brim; a half-wreath of the white flowers was placed above the brim, a wide twilled satin ribbon fastened under the flowers was twisted around the crown and tied in a large bow at the back.

Another one of white chip had the brim covered with white ostrich feathers, over loops of Breton lace, which formed a wide scarf for strings.

The Alsatian bow is still retained as a prominent part of bonnet trimming, but is placed further back, drooping on the crown, while in front is a large cluster of flowers. The latter are mounted in the form of a large bow or cluster, instead of the long wreaths of last season. They are placed directly on top of the brim, and either mingled with loops of Breton lace, or an Alsatian bow of ribbon, but the most decided preference is given to Breton lace. It is sewed together head to head, and then pleated in a quilling which is placed on the top of the bonnet, with loops of ribbon or flowers, and is brought down plain to form strings, or these strings are of fine India muslin, or fine blonde net, laid in close folds and edged on each side with Breton lace.

A chapter might be written about ribbons, so great is the variety shown. The ribbon known to milliners as No. 16 will be used for trimming in preference to materials cut on the cross; this trimming width is about two and a half or three inches wide; there is an effort also to use still wider ribbons. The Pekin (or striped) and the jardiniere (or brocaded) ribbons will be most popular. The striped ribbons come in gauze, gros grain, and brocades of two tones of one color, and in many quaintly pretty contrasts that recall the old fashions of a hundred years ago. New reversible ribbons have one side of plain satin, while the other is striped in contrasting colors, or else has a brilliant Persian brocade upon it. Very soft satin ribbons have a brocaded border down each side.

It is in the Pekin ribbons, however, that the newest combinations of colors and of fabrics are seen. Faience blue and ivory white satin in narrow stripes will trim chip bonnets tastefully. Basket-woven gauze stripes are separated from twilled stripes by a cord of two colors; thus pale green and rose stripes have between them a cord of garnet twisted in with black.

Other ribbons have but three stripes, one of which is cardinal satin, the next a jardiniere pattern brocaded on ivory white, and the third of faience blue satin. Satin ribbons of pale olive, rosean, or blue have a border or selvedge stripe of deeper blue or cardinal red. When only two colors are used, the satin stripes are very narrow and in contrast, as old gold with grenat, ivory with ciel blue, argent with sapphire, biege with iceberg, or maize with black. Again the stripes are reversible; thus one side will have a black satin stripe alternating with gay mixed colors, while the opposite side will be white satin with the mixed stripe. The jardiniere stripes in gay Pompadour colors, and the rich Persian patterns, in which many gold threads are woven, will be used for trimming Leghorns and for blending with lace.

For plainer bonnets a popular style of trimming consists of a soft cap crown of silk for which there is a variety of soft twilled or brocaded silks in Indian and Persian designs; with this a small panache of feathers is placed on the brim in front. The flower crowns are one of the special novelties for dressy bonnets. These have a flaring brim of fine chip or Tuscan braid and the crown is covered with roses placed close together, or rather crushed, and small branches of leaves extending towards the brim. A lovely bonnet in this style had the crown covered with the palest pink and tea roses, very large ones laid together and green crepe leaves extending beyond on the brim.

Another one was covered on the crown with green rose leaves of crepe, a half wreath of shaded chrysanthemums on the brim, shading from white and the palest cream and pink to the deepest dahlia red; the strings were of tulle edged with pleated Breton lace. Crowns composed of pansies, or violets or large marguerites with yellow centres are also used. Many bonnets are trimmed with clusters of large roses or chrysanthemums without foliage; they are shaded from the palest colors to the deepest red, or else the different shades of pink to the darkest Jacqueminot red. They are massed together on top of the brim, and veiled with a scarf of the finest white tulle edged each side with Breton lace, which is brought down to form the strings. For common wear there is a variety of coarse rustic straws showing two or three bright colors closely braided together. Among the many colored bonnets which seem to predominate there have been also exhibited some very pretty ones of black Brussels net. The material is laid flat on the crown, and is either plain or embroidered with jet, with this the trimming consists of jet ornaments and a cluster of three ostrich tips called the Prince of Wales feathers, on top of the brim mingled with black Breton lace, which also forms the strings. Another model is trimmed with black lace embroidered in gold silk to represent leaves. When colors are used, preference is shown for the tea shades or red and old gold, but the most effective were all black, with the trimming of lace embroidered in gold or jet ornaments, black feathers and black lace. Very dressy bonnets are made of Canton crepe in shades of pale cream, rose white and blue. The fronts are closely shirred and the crowns laid smooth, and a profusion of fine Breton lace is used for trimming with the new chrystal ornaments, and a marabout feather.

Among the many novelties for trimming bonnets are the tinsel galloons and cloth, the surface being dusted with silver or gold. It is used for binding bonnets and round hats and on the latter forms a cluster of loops in the trimmings. Every variety of ornament of gilt, silver, steel and crystal are exhibited among the innumerable novelties for trimming, and there is a wide scope for an elaborate and extravagant outlay as well as a simple and inexpensive one, and yet each one is refined by its special attractive features. The excessive use of Breton lace on bonnets is one of the most becoming features of the new bonnets, for it lends a softness to the effect of bright colored flowers, and the light straw and lace always has a peculiarly becoming effect either surrounding an old or a young face, and as strings tied or pinned under the chin. It is much prettier than ribbon.

At all the openings of costumes, the short dress is the most prominent feature, consisting of the trimmed skirt and a basque and vest, or the trimming arranged to simulate a vest. The drapery shows a decided tendency towards a bouffant puffed effect, formed by the shirred front or arranged in folds and the soft irregular looping in the back. Pleated flounces either knife or box pleated arranged in clusters or in regular pleating predominate, and the material is cut on the straight instead of bias. The drapery in many of the simple costumes forms a deep apron front drawn in full folds across the front and looped high up towards the back. The basques are in great variety, the double breasted coat cut away in front to show the vest, others have the revers turned back all the way down to the waist, displaying the vest above and below the one button which fastens the coat. There is also the coat basque the postillon basque, and the plastron front or the ficha front, and the cuirasse form shortened by the increased fullness of the drapery.

Fireside Chat.

THE MOTH IN FURS AND CLOTHING.

THE following from an eminent English authority should be read as if our season were earlier. We should begin in April, although in England it is believed that the coming of the warm days of May and the early part of June should be the signal for a determined and vigorous warfare against these destructive and subtle enemies of everything that is valuable in furs and clothing. They appear to have been alike the terror of the housewife and the merchant from the earliest times, and the frequent reference made to them in Holy Writ prove them to have been as greatly dreaded at that period in Eastern countries as they are now in the West. The name clothes moth is applied, according to Professor Riley, to several different species of the family Tineidæ, minute moths, which in the larval state are extremely destructive. Those with which ladies are most pestered are the clothes-moth, the carpet moth the fur moth and the hair moth. These moths have slender bodies and deeply fringed wings that expand six-tenths or eight tenths of an inch, the colors are ranging from buff to drab and dark gray. The eggs are laid in May and June (the moth dying immediately afterward), and they hatch out in fifteen days. The young worms proceed at once to work, knawing the substances around them and covering themselves with hollow rolls, shaped from the fragments and lined with silk from their own bodies. These rolls are carried by some of the moths on their backs, as they move along, by others are fastened to the substance they are feeding upon. They are quite a masterpiece of construction in themselves, for the larva enlarges them, from time to time, by additions to the open ends and by particles let into the sides, which are split open for the purpose. They are always of the same color as the material from which they are made, and from them, we are assured on good authority, the larvæ make journeys periodically, in order to extend their ravages further, returning to their old habitations, in which, when they become tired, they secure themselves with silken threads of their own production and remain quiet and asleep. All the moths ate night insects and seek dark places in which to deposit their eggs, which are so tiny as to be invisible. From this cause it happens that woolens fabrics and furs, which were believed to be free from moth when put away, are found in tatters when opened. The worms carry on the work of destruction through the summer, rest in torpor during the winter, and change into chrysalids early in the spring. They transform again in twenty days, and issue out as winged moths, to fly about in the evening until they have paired and are ready to lay eggs. Then follows—to use Professor Riley's words—"an invasion of dark closets, chests, drawers, edges of carpets, folds of curtains and hanging garments, and the foundations of a new colony are swiftly laid. Having carefully explained the manner and working of this insect scourge, we will now proceed to gather from the latest authorities the newest and best preservatives and remedies; but, in the first place we recommend that all the household "glory holes," cupboards, closets, trunks, chests—in fact, all receptacles for clothing and house linen, should be emptied and cleaned out in the spring, and all the contents exposed to light and air; before being replaced they should be shaken, brushed and beaten. In putting away the winter garments which cannot be washed, great care should be taken to beat the dust out of them and remove all spots of grease, etc. A little drop of chloroform rubbed on will generally remove paint, tar or grease at once, and always remember to use a woolen cloth to rub the spots in woolen garments. Jacket and coat collars and soiled linings must not be forgotten in the cleaning process. Ammonia will be found the best thing, used in the proportion of a teaspoonful to a teacupful of boiling water. Let the water cool and apply the mixture with a soft woollen cloth, rubbing the cloth always the way of the nap, until a good lather be formed; then rinse it off with clean lukewarm water and rub with a dry woollen cloth. The cleaned portions should be pulled into shape, and then dried in the air or by the fire.

In putting away clothes and out-of-door garments, fold them carefully and strew camphor among them; then spread out a clean sheet and place the pile of clothes in the centre, folding the sheet over securely and sewing them firmly up in the folds of the sheet, strewing the camphor over and about the bundle also.

Furs should never be worn too late in the season, for, in addition to their fading in the sunlight of the spring, the moth makes its appearance early and deposits its eggs; and, after it is put away in supposed security, these insects will hold high festival on the skin until there is not enough to hold the hair. When putting away furs the best plan to adopt is to beat them with a small whip and hang them in the air, repeating the process until you are sure there is neither moth nor egg in them. Then wrap them in old linen (an old pillow case is admirable for the purpose) and put them in a paper bag, taking care that neither crevice nor cranny be left for the moth to enter. This is the plan adopted by furriers, or else they employ a bandbox, which is securely pasted up round the cover.

A recent authority recommends the following recipe for exterminating moths and their eggs from furs: "Add one teaspoonful of ammonia to about half a pint of pure alcohol. Apply with a small, stiff brush to the places where the moths or eggs are found, wetting the hair and skin completely. Let it dry, then brush the fur until no hair flies, and then no further ravages need be feared from the moth in the same places.

Cloth linings in chairs and carriages may be secured from the attacks of moths by sponging them with a solution of corrosive sublimate of mercury in alcohol on both sides, made just strong enough not to leave a white mark on a black feather. Moths may be killed by the fumes of tobacco or sulphur, or by putting the articles containing them, if practicable, into an oven heated 150 deg. Fahrenheit."

The preservatives against moths are of various kinds. The strong smelling pungent substances such as pepper, camphor, carbolic acid, &c., merely act by keeping the moth at a distance, and neither kill the eggs nor the larvæ. Arsenic, alum and such like remedies, will poison the larvæ when just born, if they happen to light on a spot where the poison has fallen. On the principle that "prevention is better than cure," the scientific writer to whom we are indebted for so much information considers that pungent substances which hinder the laying of the eggs are the best to use, and recommends naphtha, a constituent of coal tar, as an excellent preservative, having no bad effects on the stuffs, nor skins, and volatilising so slowly that the effects or lasting.

Of course those who are sufficiently well off to have a cedar closet in their houses need fear no depredations of the moth, and cedar shavings are also to be recommended for scattering among clothes. But a very sensible custom which is in vogue might easily be copied at less expense than a closet, i. e., a cedar chest, not too large to be portable, and yet large enough to contain the winter clothes, dresses and furs of the family, when put away in the spring. Where a chest of this kind is need, the heavier clothes must be laid under the lighter ones, and the folding and packing must be most carefully performed.

The Empress of Austria is called "the Imperial Diana," by the Irish people with whom she goes fox-hunting.

The largest oil still in the world, it is said, is that of the Acme Oil Refinery at Titusville. Its capacity is 3,500 barrels.

News Notes.

There is a small community of Mormons in Paris.

Considerable emigration from Virginia to the West is now going on.

Robert P. Crockett, a son of the famous Davy Crockett, is living near Granbury, Texas.

Wade Hampton has received from a New York friend a pair of silver-mounted rosewood crutches.

M. Capoul, it is stated, is to receive $42,000 for his services during his six months' engagement in America.

It was the whim of a St. Paul man to be married in white, and he went to the church, on a cold day, clothed in a suit of linen.

Senator Chaffee, the rich banker and politician and banker of Colorado, is said to have once kept a small millinery store at Adrian, Mich.

M. Dufaure, the French statesman, has a withered sprig in a frame, beneath which are the words, "Plucked from Washington's grave."

Bob Hart, the noted negro minstrel burlesque orator, was baptized at the Berean Baptist Church, last Sunday, and will study for the ministry.

King Kanaka of the Hawaiian Islands has arranged with an English house for the transportation of ten thousand English emigrants to his kingdom.

Eltham, England, has a sewer six miles in length, ventilated by a tower sixty-five feet high. Gas is burned in it to destroy the noxious exhalations.

A tax amounting to $80,000 has already been imposed upon the rate-payers of Blackburn, England, in respect of the costs of last year's cotton trade riots.

The Lewistown (Maine) Journal says that the cotton manufacturers of that city have a very hopeful feeling in regard to the business prospects of the present year.

Orville Grant, brother of Gen. Grant, recently released from the Morris Plains Asylum, is at Washington, partially insane. He is in a pitiful condition, but is allowed his liberty.

The marble top of the Stafford (Conn.) Congregational church communion table, which was carried off in the flood over a year ago, has been recently recovered and put to its original use.

Princess Louise made a surprise visit to the Gloucester Street Convent, at Ottawa, last week, and examined the classes in logic, geometry and general history in the English and French languages.

Marquis Tsing, the Chinese Ambassador to England and France, speaks and writes English and has a fair knowledge of French. He has two boys and a girl for children, and a suite of forty persons.

The favorite name of princes in France is Louis, that of Prussia is Frederick, that of Austria is Joseph, that of England (notwithstanding the imported George) is Edward, with Ferdinand for Spain.

Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris is living very quietly in England. She hopes next summer to persuade her father-in-law to bring his wife to this country to see her sister, Fanny Kemble Butler, who lives in Western Massachusetts.

The Board of Health of the city of Darmstadt (Baden) announces officially that since the milk venders have been under strict surveillance the mortality among children from diarrhœa has decreased fifty per cent against former years.

General Albert Gallatin Lawrence, of Newport, has succeeded in getting a divorce from his wife who is now in London. It is said the evidence against Mrs. Lawrence was very slight. Both parties will probably be satisfied with the result.

By a recent order of Prince Bismarck all public works in Germany are to be executed exclusively by Germans, and with German material, except in the case of articles not produced in that country. Foreign architects are excluded from all competition.

Bonanza Mackay doesn't look forty five. He resides at Virginia City eight months in the year, and is in his mine, where the temperature is from 80 deg. to 100 deg., almost every day. His wife and two sons are in Paris. Mr. Mackay is a man of pleasant aspect and genial manners.

A fretful mother and cross child indicates ill health, requiring only Hop Bitters to remove.

Lord Beaconsfield never hits at random, and it is noticeable that he likes to select for punishment pushing men of the talkative sort. He once disposed of Lord Grey very contemptuously by alluding to him as "poor Lord Grey." Of Mr. Carlyle he said, "He had his reasons for writing civilly of Cromwell—Cromwell would have hanged him." Of Mr. Browning, "I like Mr. Browning's verses, and wish somebody would translate them into English."

King Alfonso, of Spain, has decided to remarry, and is betrothed to the Princess Marie Amelie, the eldest daughter of the Comte de Paris and of his wife, the Princess Marie Isabella d'Assise, who was the eldest daughter of the Duc de Montpensier. The intended bride, who is only in her fourteenth year, is the second cousin of the late Queen Mercedes. She is a handsome and bright young lady, but her extreme youth, it is thought, will cause the wedding to be postponed for at least a year.

As Lustrous as the Oriental Pearl

is the complexion that has been rendered beautiful by LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH. A few applications of this wondrous regenerator of the skin removes every blemish and imparts to it a velvet softness. Moreover, chemical analysis has disclosed the fact that the Bloom of Youth contains no hurtful ingredients, but only such as tend to give freshness and brilliancy to the complexion. Ladies may therefore rely upon it as a safe as well as a certain beautifier.

A 1,000-acre plantation near Natchez sold for $900.

Cetewayo, the Zulu king, has been known to have killed fifty women and children to feed his golden eagles.

Miss L. C. Allen has just been elected Professor of Domestic Sciences in the Illinois Industrial University.

The theological department of Harvard University has thirty-five colored students in training for the ministry.

Mr. Stanford, the California railroad capitalist owns a farm of two thousand acres near San Francisco. Upon it are sheds and stables stretching for a mile, containing thoroughbred horses, worth more than $200,000.

A memento of the great Napoleon at Tallahassee, Florida, is a gilt China teacup adorned with the Emperor's monogram and a colored representation of the Otranto, Italy. It also bears the date 1813. The relic is thought to have found its way to Florida in care of the son of Marshal Murat, who went to that State in 1821.

Professor Anderssen, the celebrated chess player, died on March 14, at Breslau, Silicia. In December, 1858 he was defeated by Paul Morphy, but in 1862, at the second London chess tournament, he obtained the highest prize. He was the author of many original outlines of games and writings on the theory of chess.

George Tarr, an Illinois detective, was staying at a St. Paul hotel over night, having just arrested two desperate murderers. Tarr dreamed that one of his prisoners had escaped and that he was chasing the fugitives, and awoke to find that he had jumped through the window of his room, taking with the sash with him, and had fallen upon a projecting roof several feet below.

A young woman married an old widower in Tannersville, Ga., and soon fell in love with his son, who was about her own age. The matter was fully discussed by the trio, and all agreed that it would that it would be better for her to become the wife of the son. The transfer was amicably made by means of a divorce. Since then the old man has married his ex-wife's mother, and the rearranged family is harmonious and happy.

Food Ill Digested.

Imperfectly nourishes the system, since it is only partially assimilated by the blood. Pale, haggard mortals, with dyspeptic stomachs, impoverished circulation and weak nerves, experience a marked and rapid improvement in their physical condition by availing themselves of that sure resource of the sick and debilitated, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This genial tonic and alterative lends an impetus to the processes of digestion which insures an adequate development of the materials of blood, fiber, and muscular tissue. Moreover it soothes and strengthens overwrought or weak nerves, counteracts a tendency to hypochondria or despondency, to which dyspeptic and bilious persons are peculiarly liable, and is an agreeable and wholesome appetiser, and promoter of repose. The infirmities of age, and of delicate female constitutions, are greatly relieved by it; and it is a reliable preventive of, and remedy for, malarial fevers.

Doctor's Bills

Saved by using M'Clelland's Homeopathic Remedies. They are prepared expressly for Families. Put up in neat one dollar cases and contains twelve (12) of the most prominent medicines with description of disease and full directions for use. We want an agent in every town and county to sell our remedies. Sample case with terms to agents sent, charges paid, for one dollar. Address MCCLELLAND & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, Bible House, New York City.*

TO Consumptives.—Many have been happy to give their testimony in favor of the use of "WILBOR'S PURE COD-LIVER OIL AND LIME." Experience has proved it to be a valuable remedy for Consumption, Asthma, Diphtheria, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness and sleeplessness, and will cure any case. Price 50 cts.; postage free. Sold by all druggists. Office 106 N. Eutaw st., Baltimore, Md.

A great many persons become insane from sleepless nights that Hop Bitters would have prevented.

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Do not fail to send for my large 32-page illustrated Newspaper with much valuable information FREE. NEW PIANOS, $125, $135 and upwards. NEW ORGANS $65 to $480. Be sure to write me before buying elsewhere. BEWARE OF IMITATORS. Address, DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

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Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

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Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

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R. R. R.

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CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

It was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

FEVER AND AGUE,

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. 50 cents per bottle.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE, SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

BE IT SEATED IN THE Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves, CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

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No disease is so widely prevalent as Dyspepsia, none is characterized by such a variety of harassing symptoms. Heartburn, Nausea, Acidity, Waterbrash, oppression at the pit of the stomach after meals, and a sinking sensation in that organ between them, colicky pains, nervousness inability to sleep, sick headache, palpitation of the heart and vertigo are the more prominent indications of the malady, but in addition to these it gives rise to a host of odd sensations, which are utterly indescribable.

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50 PERFUMED Chromo Scroll, Transparent & Flirtation cards, name in gold and jet, 10c. Outfit 10c. Agents wanted. Royal Card Co. Northford Ct.

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60 CHROMO and Perfumed cards, no 2 alike, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. CLINTON BROS, Clintonville, Conn

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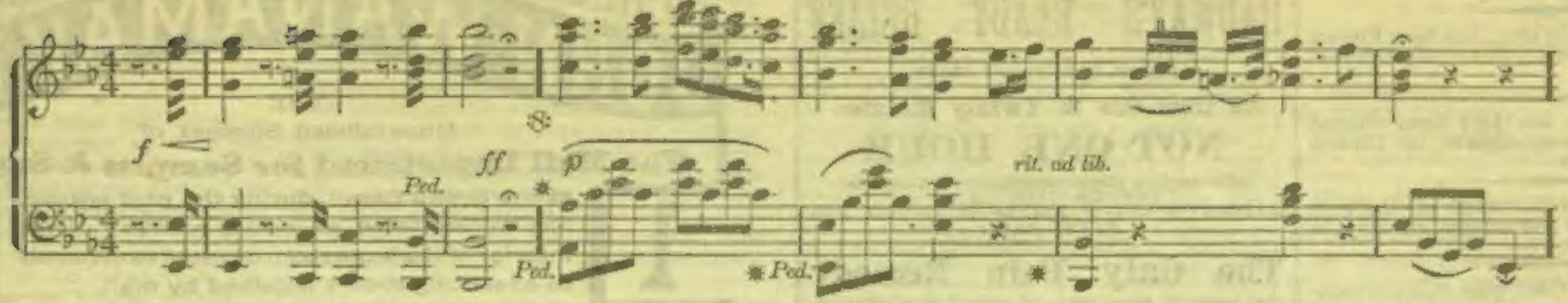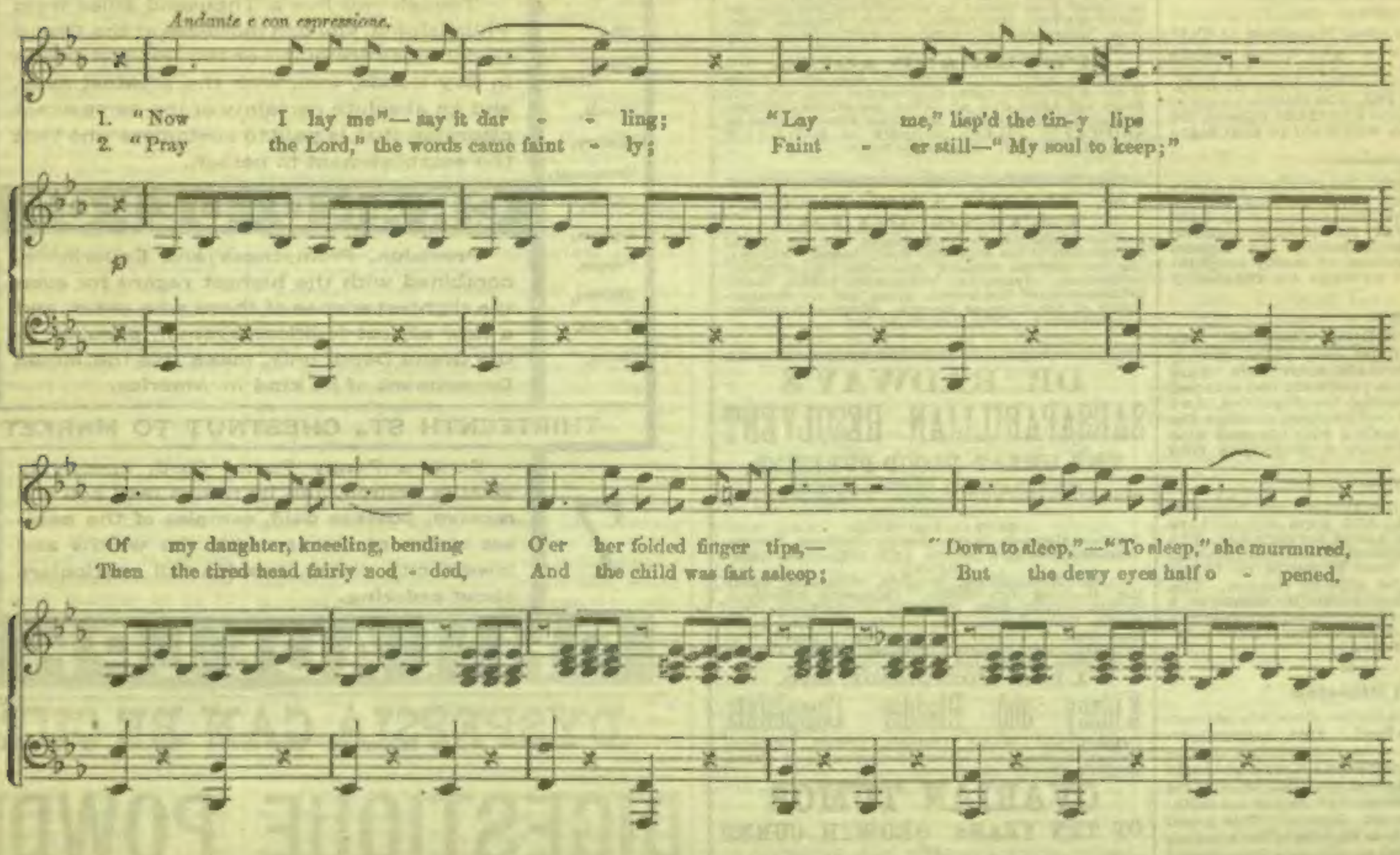
Andante e con espressione.
1. "Now I lay me"—say it dar - - ling; "Lay me," lisp'd the tin-y lips
2. "Pray the Lord," the words came faint - ly; Faint - er still—"My soul to keep;"
p
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending O'er her folded finger tips,— "Down to sleep,"—"To sleep," she murmured,
Then the tired head fairly nod - ded, And the child was fast asleep; But the dewy eyes half o - pened,
And the curly head dropp'd low; "I pray the Lord," I gently add - ed, "You can say it all, I know."
When I clasp'd her to my breast, And the dear voice softly whis - pered, "Mamma, God knows all the rest."
rit. ad lib. (Sing second verse without interlude.)
Colla voce
Fine.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by J. M. STODDART & CO., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

MORTALITY.

BY M. E.

How do the roses die?
Do their leaves fall together,
Thrown down and scattered by the sky
Of angry weather?
No, the sad thunder-stroke
O'ersweeps their lowly bower;
The storm that tramples on the oak
Relents above the flower.

No violence makes them grieve,
No wrath hath done them wrong,
When with sad secrecy they leave
The branch to which they clung.
They yield them, one by one,
To the light breeze and shower,
To the soft dew, cool shade, bright sun,
Time and the hour.

Answers to Inquirers.

C. (Phila., Pa.)—If you have been in fault, write and apologize.

D. (Richmond, Va.)—The publication you name has been out of print for some time.

F. (Phila., Pa.)—Remove your gloves during the meal, and put them on after it.

EARNESTINE, (Manlius, Phila.)—The pronunciation is "Ah-ve Mah-rer" as nearly as we can give it to you.

R. Q. (Grayson, Ky.)—Glycerine and lime-juice is very good for preventing dandruff and is nourishing to the hair.

S. (Bangor, Me.)—It is a vulgar superstition that to give cutting implements of any description to one's friends is unlucky.

P. McK. (Avondale, Pa.)—The Great Eastern was built in England. The expense of its construction was borne by a company.

A. G. (Phila., Pa.)—You are evidently in love with the young lady. Press your suit and propose if you find your love reciprocated.

S. K. (Phila., Pa.)—If the gentleman you speak of is a friend there can be no impropriety in your giving him a present on his birthday.

JOSIE, (Frankford, Phila.)—If not very dirty, light cloth may be cleaned by rubbing pipe-clay on it, then brushing thoroughly off with a hard brush.

R. (Camden, N. J.)—The translations are, "To the brave nothing is difficult," and "Late but seriously." The first is the motto of Earl Beaconsfield.

TORO, (Castleton, Ill.)—It is against our rules to publish such matters in this column. Send a postal card addressed to yourself, and we will give you the required information.

L. AND S. (Washington, D. C.)—Bunions may sometimes be decreased in size by painting them with iodine. When they are painful you may soothe them by soaking in hot water.

M. S. (Nash, N. C.)—If you desire to form an intimacy, and you consider it would be agreeable to the person to whom you have been introduced, there is no objection to your calling.

F. H. (York, Pa.)—Luther had nothing to do with the English translation of the Bible, that is the Protestant version. The basis is by Wicliff and Coverdale—before Luther's German version.

M. S. (Trenton, N. J.)—You had much better take your revolver to a good gunmaker's; any meddling with it on your part would probably spoil it altogether, especially in the matter of repolishing.

L. O. (Granger, Tenn.)—Physiology is not generally admitted to be a science. There is a certain degree of truth in it; but the members of your society are evidently carrying their notions to a ridiculous extent.

Q. E. (Decatur, Ind.)—We are not acquainted with any receipt to prevent the hair from curling; and we think you ought to be proud of a curling head of hair than otherwise. Only silly or envious persons would laugh at you.

F. W. (Oakland, Cal.)—To dye your gloves dark take enough logwood to make about a pint of strong liquid, and mix in a piece of bichromate of potash the size of a marble. Into this dip the gloves until the necessary shade is acquired.

ASPERITI, (Stearns, Minn.)—Hydrophosphate of soda is made by boiling phosphorus in a strong solution of caustic soda. You had better purchase it than try to make it. Do not confound one salt with another. The pyro-salts and hypo-salts are quite different bodies.

C. Y. (Whitesides, Ill.)—March is the third month of the year, according to our reckoning, but with the Romans it was the first, and called Martius, from Mars, the god of war, because he was the father of their first prince. This month was under the protection of Minerva.

A. A. (Pittsburg, Pa.)—When calling on a friend and asked to take a glass of wine it is not necessary nor consistent with etiquette to drink his health or say anything complimentary. The ceremony of drinking wine with each other at dinner is rapidly going out of fashion.

DEDD, (Spring Lake, Utah.)—You must know best; twenty is very young for a man to marry, and to bring cares and responsibilities about him. You had better take the advice of friends or relatives, who can judge better than we are able to, as we know so little of the circumstances of the case.

JOSIE, (Cherokee, Ala.)—The giving away of a bride is a mere formality, and it may be done by any person. Brides seldom wear orange blossoms after the marriage day, unless at a ball, when the bridal dress is sometimes worn, altered for evening dress, with the bridal flowers introduced into the trimmings.

NAOMI, (Cayuga, N. Y.)—If you are strong enough, and your motives will not be misinterpreted, write and make it up. A simple note asking him to call will be better, and then by word of mouth settle the difference. Do not write a lengthy letter if you can possibly avoid it. Be on your guard. You are no less innocent because wary.

MAZZALATA, (Waxstars, Wis.)—Self-consciousness is a misfortune, but no good results will be gained by brooding on it. Dismiss the subject. The remark was, you say, made in envy or malice. Disregard it, and think less of such matters. It is proof of a strong mind to preserve self-control in spite of trifling annoyance. Give that proof.

R. D. (Kanawha, W. Va.)—If you really love the young lady, and if she loves you, and you have an independent fortune, and are of full age, we see no reason why you should not marry her, as soon as she arrives at the age of twenty-one. By that time you may be able to win her parents over to your wishes. You should not elope with her.

DOLLIE DEAN, (Cambridge, Ohio.)—We can forward the exact duplicate of the article sent you last spring. It has been reduced to $1 50 from $1.75 and must go by express, as they do not allow glass to be sent by mail. The express charge will probably be 50 cents. A post office order sent to Fashion Editress SATURDAY EVENING POST will be all that is requisite.

B. (Camden, N. J.)—It was no doubt grossly disrespectful to the person referred to to insult you openly; but was it not still more disrespectful to the company for you to chastise him on the spot? To resort to physical violence in the presence of ladies, and at a social gathering is a piece of inexcusable barbarism, and would hardly be tolerated among New Zealand aboriginals.

W. G. (Warren, Iowa.)—It depends on many circumstances and conditions whether your excessive fondness of poetry will injure you or not. If you are only fond of good poetry, and do not spend too much of your time in reading it, no harm need come of it. An excessive fondness for poetry need not necessarily be indulged, any more than an excessive fondness for confectionary or strong drink.

SUBSCRIBER, (Forest Glen, Va.)—We would advise you to give up your idea of so investing your money. The chances are almost certain that you will lose it. If you are determined, however, to try your luck, you might write for information to the New York office of the enterprise you first mentioned. A letter addressed simply in that manner would reach them. In such a matter we do not care to give more particular information.

DARLING, (Ottawa Mich.)—You may wear as many rings as you like on any finger but the engaged finger. 1. Pearls signify purity, innocence, and a retiring spirit, ruby, forgetfulness of evils; garnet, constancy and fidelity. It was said in olden times that the ruby was a sovereign remedy against plagues and poison, that it drives away bad dreams, grows dark in danger, and recovers its brightness when the danger disappears.

ESQUIRER, (Harrison, Ind.)—The barber pole is striped red and white from the fact that anciently the professors of the shaving art sometimes united with it the business of a surgeon. And even to this day in many of the larger cities the barber announces himself as cupper, bleeder, dentist, etc., as in former time. The red and white of the pole is supposed to represent the bleeding arm and the bandage wrapped about it by the practitioner.

C. D. L. (Northfield, Conn.)—St. Peter is claimed by the Roman Catholic Church as the first pope. The period includes the time from the death of Our Saviour to his own execution. 2. In the history of the church, the first council is considered to have been the Synod of the Apostles at Jerusalem. The second was the Council of Nice, A. D. 325. The latter is by many regarded, strictly speaking, as the first representative council of the church.

M. S. (Norristown, Pa.)—A love-sick stor. Indeed for the mature age of seventeen. Though

> To laugh were want of goodness and of grace,
> Yet to be grave exceeds all power of face.

Your affection is that of the calf, and you will speedily grow out of it—indeed you ought both to be put to school for a year or two longer. Dismiss such precocious thoughts and notions till you are of age.

WILLIAM HUNT, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The word "cabal" owes its origin to the French cabale, an intriguing faction, "which in its turn springs from the Italian word cab'ala, "secret knowledge." In the time of Charles II., of England, 1670, a Ministry composed of Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale was called a Cabal, the initials of the names composing the word; but this was only a play on the letters, and doubtless the order of the names made to fit the idea.

V. P. (Independence, O.)—Where there is any necessity for such a courtesy the gentleman should always offer his arm to the lady. If the parties are on sufficiently friendly terms the lady might take it without the foregoing preliminary. As to the gentleman taking the lady's arm, it is as unfashionable as it is foolish and affected. 2. You could learn photography sufficiently well for your purposes in a few months. The way to get to a gallery would be to advertise in one of the leading cities, offering your services, or if you know any establishments, write to the proprietors. A very limited knowledge of chemistry is all that is necessary, and this may be acquired while learning.

F. D. C. (Bradford, Pa.)—We must be excused from the attempt to demonstrate that "black is white," even to justify the silly remark of "a clergyman." It is a stale trick to cheat common sense by false formula of pretended "reasoning." For example the animal kingdom is divisible into three parts or classes—birds, beasts, and fishes. Birds have two legs, beasts have four, and fishes none. Man is an animal; therefore if he has two legs, he must be a bird; or he must be a fish and have no legs, or a beast and possess four! Obviously not one of the assertions is true, and, like a pack of cards stupidly put together they fall apart the moment they are touched. This is the burlesque of logic. It is not correct to say that it can "logically be proved that black is white." The statement is nonsensical, and probably known to be so, and made in what passes for a "witty" spirit.